

# AMENDS FOR LADIES. *EC.*

With the merry pranks of Moll Cut-  
Purse: Or, the humour  
of roaring:

A Comedy full of honest  
mirth and wit.

As it was Acted at the *Blacke-Fryers*,  
both by the PRINCES Servants, and  
the Lady ELIZABETHS.

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By *Nath. Field.*

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LONDON,  
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# AWARDED FOR LADIES

With the most perfect of Moll Cut-  
Pate's

A Company of London  
Limited

As it was stated in the Black Paper  
that the Company's services, and  
the Company's name, are the

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# AMENDS FOR LADIES.

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## A COMEDIE.

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### *Actus primi Scena prima.*

*Enter the Lady HONOR, the Lady PERFECT,  
the Lady BRIGHT.*

*Maid.*

**A** Wise the happiest state? It cannot be.  
*Wife.* Yes, such a wife as I, that have a man  
As if my selfe had made him: such a one  
As I may justly say, I am the rib  
Belonging to his brest. Widow and Maide,  
Your lives compar'd to mine are miserable,  
Though wealth and beauty meete in each of you.  
Poore Virgin, all thy sport is thought of love,  
And meditation of a man, the time  
And circumstance ere thou canst fixe thy thoughts  
On one thy fancy will approve.

*Maid.* That trouble already may be past.

*Wife.* Why if it be.

The doubt, he will not hold his brittle faith,  
That he is not a competible choise,  
And so your noble friends will crosse the match,  
Doth make your happinesse uncertaine still:

*Amends for Ladies.*

Or say you married him, what he would prove?  
Can you compare your state then to a Wife?

*Maid.* Nay, all the freedom that a virgin hath  
Is much to be preferr'd. Who would endure  
The humours of so excellent a Thing  
As is a Husband? Which of all the Heard  
Runs not possessed with some notorious vice,  
Drinking or whoring, fighting, Iealousie,  
Even of a Page at twelve, or of a Groome,  
That rubs horse-heeles? Is it not daily scene,  
Men take wives, but to dresse their meate, to wash  
And starch their linnen: for the other matter  
Of lying with them, that's but when they please:  
And whatsoere the joy be of the bed,  
The pangs that follow procreation  
Are hideous, or you wives have guld your husbands  
With your loud shriekings, and your deathfull throes.  
A Wife or Widow to a Virgins life?

*Widow.* Why should the best of you thinke yee injoy  
The rest and rule, that a free widow doth?  
I am mine owne commander, and the blisse  
Of wooers, and of each variety  
Frequents me, as I were a maid. No Brother  
Have I to dice my patrimony away, as you  
My maiden Madam may. No husbands death  
Stand I in doubt on: for thanks be to heaven  
(If mine were good) the grievous losse of him  
Is not to come; if he were bad, hee's gone,  
And I no more embrace my injury,  
But be yours ill, you nightly claspe your hate;  
Or good, why he may dye, or change his vertue,  
And thou (though single) hast a bed-fellow  
As bad as the worst husband, thought of one,  
And what that is, men with their wives do doe,  
And long expectance till the deede be done.  
"A wife is like a garment us'd and torne:  
"A maid like one made up, but never worn."

*Maid.*



*Awards for Ladies.*

*Maide.* "A widow is a garment wornethred-bare,  
Selling at second hand like Brokers ware,  
But let us speake of things the present time  
Make happy to us, and see what is best.  
I have a servant then the crowne of men,  
The fountaine of Humanity, the prize  
Of every vertue, Morall and Divine;  
Young, valiant, learned, well-borne, rich and shap'd  
As if wise Nature when she fashioned him,  
Had meant to give him nothing but his forme,  
Yet all additions are conferr'd on him,  
That may delight a woman: this same youth  
To me hath sacrific'd his heart, yet I  
Have checkt his suite, laught at his worthy service,  
Made him the exercise of my cruelty,  
Whilst constant as the Sun, for all these clouds  
His love goes on.

*Enter INGEN.*

*Widow.* Peace, heere's the man you name.

*Wife.* *Widow.* Wee'le stand aside.

*Ing.* Good morrow to the glory of our age.

*The Lady Perfect, and the Lady Bright.*

*The vertuous wife and widow; but to you*

*The Lady Honor, and my Mistrisse.*

*The happinesse of your wishes.*

*Maide.* By this light, I never heard one speake so scurvily,

Utter such stale wit, and pronounce so ill.

But to you,

My Lady Honor, and my Mistrisse,

The happinesse of your wishes.

*Ingen.* Stop your wit,

You would faine show these Ladies what a hand

You hold over your servant, I shall not neede,

I will expresse your Tyranny well enough.

I have lov'd this Lady since I was a childe,

Since I could confesse: *Amo*: now she saies

I do not love her, 'cause I do not weepe,

*Lay*

*Amends for Ladies.*

Lay mine armes o're my heart, and weare no garters,  
Walke with mine eyes in my hat, sigh, and make faces  
For all the Poets in the towne to laugh at,  
Poxe a this houling love, 'tis like a dogge  
Shut out at midnight. Must love needs be poudred,  
Lye steeped in brine; or will it not keepe sweet?  
Is it like beefe in summer?

*Maide.* Did you ever  
Heare one talke fustian like a butcher thus?

*Ingen.* 'Tis foolish, this same telling folkes we love,  
It needs no words, t'will shew it selfe in deeds,  
And did I take you for an entertainer,  
A Lady that will wring one by the finger,  
Whil'st on anothers toes she treads, and cries  
By Gad I love but one, and you are he,  
Either of them thinking himselfe the man,  
I'detell you in your eare, put for the businesse,  
Which granted, or deny'd, Madam God b'wee.

*Maide.* Come, these are daily slanders that you raise,  
On our infirme and unresisting Sexe,  
You never met I am sure with such a Lady.

*Ingen.* Oh many by this light, I have seene a Chamber  
Frequented like an office of the Law,  
Clients succede at midnight one another:  
Whilst the poore Madam hath beene so distressed,  
Which of her loves to shew most countenance to,  
That her dull Husband ha's perceiv'd her wiles.

*Maide.* Nay perhaps taught her, many of those Husbands  
Are base enough  
To live upon't.

*Ingen.* I have seene another of 'em  
Cheat by this light at Cardes, and set her women,  
To talke to the Gentlemen that plaid,  
That so distracted they might over-see.

*Maide.* Oh fie upon yee, I dare sweate you lye.

*Ingen.* Doe not faire Mistresse, you will be forsworne.

*Maid.* You men are all foule mouth'd, I warrant, you  
Talke



*Amends for Ladies.*

Talke thus of me and other Ladies here,  
Because we keepe the City.

*Ingen.* Oh prophane.

That thought would damne me, will you marry yet?

*Maid.* No, I will never marry.

*Ingen.* Shall we then

Couple unlawfully? for indeede this marrying

Is but proclaiming what we meane to doe;

Which may be done privately, in civill sort

And none the wiser, and by this white hand La:

The wracke, Strapado, or the boyling boote,

Should never force me tell to wrong your honor.

*Maid.* May I beleeeve this?

*Ingen.* Let it be your Creed.

*Maid.* But if you should prove false. Nay ne're unhang  
Your sword, except you meane to hang your selfe:

Why where have you bin drinking? 'sfoot you talke

Like one of these same rambling boyes,

That raigne in Turnebull-street,

*Ingen.* How doe you know?

*Maid.* Indeed my knowledge is but speculative,  
Not practique there, I have it by Relation,

From such observers as your selfe deare Servant,

I must professe, I did thinke well of thee,

But get thee from my sight, I never more

Will heare or see thee, but will hate thee deadly,

As a man enemy, or a woman turn'd.

Ladies come forth, see Sir what Curtesie

You have done to me, a strange praise of you

Had newly left my lips, just, as you entred,

And how you have deserv'd it, with your carriage?

Villaine, thou hast hurt mine honor to these friends,

For what can they imagine but some ill

Hath past betwixt us by thy broad discourse?

Were my case theirs, by Virgin Chastity,

I should condemne them: hence, depart my sight.

*Ingen.* Madam, but heare me, oh that these were men,

*Amends for Ladies.*

And durst but say or thinke you ill, for this  
I have so good a cause upon my side  
That I would cut their hearts out of their breasts :  
And the thoughts out of them that injur'd you.  
But I obey your best, and for my pennance,  
Will run a course never to see you more,  
And now I lose you, may I lose the light :  
Since in that beauty dwelt my day or night. *Exit Ingen.*

*Wid.* Is this the vertuous youth ?

*Wife.* Your happinesse ?

*Wid.* Wherein you thought your scate 'bove ours.

*Maid.* If one man could be good, this had bin he,

*Enter Subtle, Husband, Feesimple,  
Wel-tri'd.*

See here comes all your sutors, and your Husband,  
And roome for Laughter, heer's the Lord *Feesimple*,  
What Gentlewoman does he bring along ?

*Enter Husband, embracing Subtle, the Lord Feesimple,  
with young Bould like a waiting Gentlewoman.*

*Wel-tri'd, Husband, Subtle, talke  
with Wife.*

*Fees.* One and thirty good-morrowes, to the fairest, wisest,  
chastest, richest Widdow that ever conversation coapt  
withall.

*Wid.* Three score and two unto the wisest Lord,  
That ever was train'd in University.

*Feesimp.* Oh Courteous, bounteous Widow, she ha's out-  
bid me 31. Good morrows at a clap.

*Welt.* But my Lord *Feesimple* you forgot the businesse im-  
pos'd on you.

*Fees.* Gentlewoman, I cry thee mercy, but 'tis a fault in  
all Lords, not in me onely, we doe use to sweare by our Ho-  
nors : and as we are Noble, to dispatch such a businesse for  
such a Gentleman and wee are bound, even by the same  
Honors we sweare by, to forget it in a quarter of an houre.

*And*



*Amends for Ladies.*

And looke as if we had never seene the Party, when wee meete next, especially if none of our Gentlemen have bin considered.

*Wels.* I, but all your's have, for you keepe none my Lord : Besides though it stands with your Honor to forget mens busineses; yet it stands not with your Honor, if you doe not doe a womans.

*Feef.* Why then Madam, so it is that I request your Ladyship to accept into your service this Gentlewoman, for her truth & honesty I will be bound, I have knowne her too long to be deceiv'd, this is the second time I have seene her.

*Maid.* Why how now my Lord : a preferrer of Gentlewomen to service like an old knitting woman? where hath She dwelt before?

*Feef.* She dwelt with young *Boulds* sister, he that is my Corrivall in your Love, she requested me to advance her to You; for you are a dub'd Lady : so is not she yet.

*Wels.* But now you talke of yong *Bould*, when did you see him Lady?

*Wid.* Not this Moneth Master *Wel-tri'd*, I did conjure him to forbear my sight : Indeed swore if he came I'd be denied. But 'tis strange you should aske for him, ye two were wont never to be asunder.

*Wels.* Faith Madam we never were together, but we Differ'd on some argument or other, And doubting least our discord might at length Breede to some quarrell, I forbear him too.

*Feef.* He quarrell? *Bould*: hang him, if he darst have quarrel'd, the world knowes hee's within a mile of an oke ha's put him too't, and soundly, I never car'd for him in my life, but to see his sister, hee's an asse, pox an arrant asse, for doe you thinke any but an arrant asse, would offer to come a wooing, where a Lord attempts? he quarrell: he dares not quarrell.

*Wels.* But he dares fight my Lord, upon my knowledge, And raile no more my Lord, behind his backe,

*Amends for Ladies.*

For if you doe my Lord, bloud must insue.

*Drawer.*

*Feef.* Oh, oh my honor dies, I am dead.

*Welt.* Ud'slight whats the matter, wring him by the nose.

*Widd.* A pare of riding spurs now were worth gold.

*Maid.* Pins are as good, pricke him, pricke him.

*Feefm.* Oh, oh.

*Wife.* Hee's come againe, lift him up.

*Omnes.* How fares your Lordship?

*Feef.* Oh friends, you have wrong'd my spirit to call it backe, I was ee'n in Elizium at rest.

*Wilt.* But why sir did you fwoone?

*Feef.* Well though I dye Mister *Wel-tri'd*, before all these I doe forgive you, because you were ignorant of my infirmity, oh sir, i'st not up yet, I dye againe, put up now whilst I winke, or I doe winke for ever.

*Welt.* 'Tis up my Lord, ope your eyes, but I pray tell me, Is this antipathy twixt bright Steele and you naturall, or how grew it?

*Feef.* I'll tell you sir, any thing bright and edg'd, works thus strongly with me, your hilts now I can handle as boldly, looke you else.

*Knight.* Nay never blame my Lord Master *Well-tri'd*, for I know a great many will fowne at the sight of a shoulder of mutton or a quarter of Lambe, my Lord may be excus'd then, for a naked sword.

*Welt.* This Lord, and this Knight in dog-collers would make a fine brace of beagles.

*Maid.* But on my faith 'twas mightily overseene of your father, not to bring you up to foyles, or if hee had bound you Prentise to a Cutler or an Iron-monger.

*Feef.* Ha poxe, hang him old gouty foole, he never brought me up to any Lordly exercise, as fencing, dancing, tumbling, and such like: but forsooth I must write and read, & speake languages, and such base qualities, fit for none but Gentlemen. Now sir would I tell him, Father you are a Count, I am a Lo: a poxe a writing and reading, and languages, let me be brought up as I was borne.

*Subtle.*



*Amends for Ladies.*

*Subtle.* But how my Lord came you first not to indure the sight of Steele.

*Fees.* Why I'll tell you Sir, when I was a child, an infant, an Innocent.

*Maid.* 'Twas e'ne now.

*Fees.* I being in the kitchin, in my Lo: my fathers house, the Cooke was making minc'd pyes: so sir, I standing by the Dresser, there lay a heape of plums. Here was he mincing; what did me I sir, being a notable little witty coxcombe, but popt my hand just under his chopping knife, to snatch some Reysins, and so was cut ore the hand, and never since could I endure the sight of any edge toole.

*Wid.* Indeede they are not fit for you my Lord, and now you are all so well satisfied in this matter, pray Ladies how like you this my Gentlewoman?

*Maid.* Introth Madam exceeding well I, if you be provided, pray let me have her.

*Wife.* It should be my request, but that I am full.

*Wid.* What can you doe? What's her name my Lord?

*Fees.* Her name? I know not. What's her name Mr. *Well-*  
*try'd?*

*Weltr.* Her name? *Wid.* tell my Lady your name.

*Bould.* Mistresse *Mary Princox* forsooth.

*Wid.* Mistresse *Mary Princox*: she has wit, I perceive that already. Methinkes she speakes as if she were a my Lords brood.

*Bould.* Brood Madam, 'tis well knowne I am a Gentlewoman. My father was a man of 500. *per annum*, and hee held something *in Capite* too.

*Wells.* So does my Lord, something.

*Fees.* Nay, by my troth, what I hold *in capite* is worth little or nothing.

*Bould.* I have had apt breeding, how ever my misfortune now makes me submit my selfe to service: but there is no ebbe so low, but hath his tyde againe: when our dayes are at worst, they will mend in spite of the frowning Destinies, for we cannot be lower than earth; and the same

*Amends for Ladies.*

blind Dame that hath cast her bleare eyes hitherto upon my occasions, may turne her wheele, and at last winde them up with her white hand to some pinnaele that prosperously may flourish in the Sun-shine of promotion.

*Fees.* Oh mouth, full of agility, I would give 20. Markes now to any person that could teach mee to convey my tongue (sance stumbling) with such dexterity to such a period. For her truth and her honesty I am bound before, but now I have heard her talke, for her wit I will be bound body and goods.

*Wid.* V'dsflight, I will not leave her for my hood. I never met with one of these eloquent old Gentlewomen before. What age are you Mistresse *Mary Princox*?

*Bould.* I will not lye Madam, I have numbred 57. Summers, and just so many winters have I past.

*Subr.* But they have not past you, they lye frozen in your face.

*Bould.* Madam, if it shall please you to entertaine me, so: if not, I desire you not to misconstrue my good will, there's no harme done, the dorre's as big as it was, and your Ladyships owne wishes Crowne your beauty with content. As for these frumping Gallants, let them doe their worst: it is not in mans power to hurt me: 'tis well knowne I come not to be scoff'd. A woman may beare, and beare till her backe burst. I am a poore Gentlewoman, and since vertue has now a dayes no other companion but poverty. I set the Hares head unto the Goose giblets, and what I want one way, I hope I shall be inabled to supply the other.

*Fees.* A'nt please God, that thou wert not past children.

*Wid.* Ist e'ne so my Lord? nay good *Princox* doe not cry, I doe entertaine you, how doe you occupy? what can you use?

*Bould.* Any thing fit to be put into the hands of a Gentlewoman.

*Wid.* What are your qualities?

*Bould.* I can sleepe on a low stoole, if your Lady-ship be talking in the same roome with any Gentle-man, I can read



*Amends for Ladies.*

on a booke, sing love songs, looke up at the loover light, heare and be deafe, see and be blind, be ever dumb to your secrets, sweare and equivocate, and whatsoever I spe, say the best.

*Wid.* Oh rare Croane? how art thou endu'd? but why did Master *Boulds* sister put you away?

*Bould.* I beseech you Madam to neglect that desire, though I know your Lady-ships understanding to be sufficient to partake or take in the greatest secret can be imparted yet. -----

*Wid.* Nay prethee tell the cause, come here's none but friends.

*Bould.* Faith Madam, heigh ho, I was (to confesse truly) a little foolish in my last service, to beleve mens oaths, but I hope my example, though prejudiciall to my selfe, will be beneficiall to other yong Gentle-women in service, my mistresses brother (the Gentle-man you nam'd e'now, Master *Bould*) having often attempted my honor, but finding it impregnable, vow'd love, and marriage to me, at the last, I, a yong thing and raw, being seduced, set my mind upon him, but friends contradicting the match, I fell into a grievous consumption, and upon my first recovery, least the intended sacred ceremonies of Nuptials should succeed, his sister knowing this, thought it fit in her judgment, we should be farther assunder, and so put me out of her service.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Wid.* God a mercy for this discovery ifaith, Oh man what art thou? when thy cock is up? come wil your lordship walke in? tis dinner time. *Enter hastily Mr. Seldome*

*Omnes.* Whose this? whose this? *With papers on his arme.*

*Maid.* This is our Land-lord, Master *Seldome*, An exceeding wise Citizen, a very sufficient understanding man, and exceeding rich. *Om.* Miracles are not ceas'd.

*Wid.* Good morrow Land-lord, where have you beene sweating?

*Seld.* Good morrow to your Honors, thrift is industrious, your Lady-ship knowes we will not stick to sweat for our pleasures,

*Amends for Ladies.*

pleasures, how much more ought we to sweat for our profits? I am come from master *Ingen* this morning, who is married or to be married, and though your Ladyships did not honor his Nuptials with your presence, hee hath by me sent each of you a paire of gloves, and *Grace Seldome* my wife is not forgot. *Exit.*

*Omnes.* God give him joy, God give him joy. *Exeunt.*

*Maid.* Let all things, most impossible change now.

Oh perjur'd man! oathes are but words I see.

But wherefore should not we that thinke we love

Upon full merit, that same worth once ceasing

Surcease our love too, and find new desert?

Alas we cannot, love's a pit, which, when

We fall into we ne're get out againe,

And this same horrid newes which me assaults

I would forget, love blanches blackest faults:

Oh! what path shall I tread for remedy?

But darkelt shades, where love with death doth lye. *Exit.*

*Manent Husband, Wife, Subtle.*

*Wife.* Sir I have often heard my husband speake of your acquaintance.

*Husb.* Nay my vertuous wife,

Had it beene but acquaintance, this his absence

Had not appear'd so uncouth, but we two

Were Schoole-fellowes together, borne and nurs'd,

Brought up, and liv'd since like the Gemins,

Had but one suck, the Taverne or the Ordinary.

Ere I was married, that saw one of us

Without the other, said we walk't by halves,

Where deare, deare friend have you bin all this while?

*Subt.* Oh most sweet friend, the World's so vicious,

That had I with such familiaritie

Frequented you since you were married,

Possess'd and us'd your fortunes as before,

As in like manner you commanded mine,

The deprav'd thoughts of men would have proclaim'd

Some scandalous rumors from this love of ours,

*As*



*Amends for Ladies.*

As saying, mine reflected on your Lady,  
And what a wound had that beene to our soules?  
When onely friendship should have bin the ground  
To hurt her Honor, and your confident peace,  
Spite of mine owne approv'd integrity.

*Husb.* Wife, kisse him, bid him welcome, pox o'th world,  
Come, come you shall not part from me in hast,  
I doe command thee use this Gentleman  
In all things like my selfe, if I should dye  
I would bequeath him in my will to thee. (tongues

*Wife.* Sir, you are most welcome, and let scandalous  
No more deterre you, I dare use you Sir,  
With all the right belonging to a friend,  
And what I dare, I dare let all men see  
My conscience rather, then mens thoughts be free

*Husb.* Will you looke in?  
Wee'le follow you. Now friend *Exit Wife.*  
What thinke you of this Lady?

*Subt.* Why sweet friend,  
That you are happy in her, she is faire,  
Witty and vertuous, and was rich to you,  
Can there be an addition to a wife?

*Husb.* Yes, constancy, for 'tis not chastity  
That lives remote from all attempters free,  
But there, 'tis strong and pure where all that wooe  
It doth consist, and turnes them vertuous too;  
Therefore deare friend, by this, loves masculine kisse,  
By all our mutuall engagements past,  
By all the hopes of amity to come,  
Be you the setler of my jealous thoughts,  
And make me kill my fond suspect of her,  
By assurance that she is loyall, otherwise  
That she is false, and then, as shee's past cure,  
My soule shall ever after be past care.  
That you are fittest for this enterprize  
You must needs understand, since prove she true  
(In this your tryall) you my dearest friend,  
(Whom onely, rather than the World besides

*Amends for Ladies.*

I would have satisfied of her vertue) shall be,  
And best conceale my folly, prove she weake,  
'Tis better you should know't than any man,  
Who can reforme her, and doe me no wrong,  
Chimicall metals, and bright gold it selfe  
By sight are not distinguisht, but by'th test,  
Thought makes good wives, but triall makes the best :  
To the unskilfull owners eies, alike  
The Bristow sparkles are as Diamond,  
But by a Lapidarie the truth is found,  
Come you shall not denie me.

*Subt.* Doe not wrong  
So faire a wife (friend) and so vertuous,  
Whose good name is a theame unto the World,  
Make not a wound with searching where was none.  
Misfortune still such projects doth pursue,  
He makes a false wife, that suspects a true ;  
Yet since you so importune, give me leave  
To ruminate a while, and I will straight  
Follow and give you an answer. *Husb.* You must do it, *Exit.*

*Subt.* Assure your selfe deare---Coxcombe, I will do't,  
Or strangely be denied, all's as I wisht,  
This was my aime, although I have seem'd strange.  
I know this fellow now to be an Assc ;  
A most unworthy husband, though in view  
He beare himselfe thus faire, she knowes this too,  
Therefore the stronger are my hopes to gaine her :  
And my deare friend that will have your wife trid'e,  
I'll try her first, then thrust her if I can,  
And as you said most wisely I hoped to be  
Both Touch-stone to your wife and Lapidarie. *Exit.*

*Actus Secundi Scena prima.*

*Enter Seldome his Wife working as in their shop.*

*Grace.* **H**usband these gloves are not fit for my wearing,  
I'll put'em into the shop and sell'em, you shall  
give me a plaine paire for them.

*Sold.*



*Amends for Ladies.*

*Seld.* This is wonderfull, wonderfull, this is thy sweet care and judgment in all things, this goodnesse is not usuall in our wives, well *Grace Seldome*, that thou art faire is nothing, that thou art well spoken is nothing, that thou art witty is nothing, that thou art a Citizens wife is nothing; but *Grace*, that thou art faire, that thou art well spoken, that thou art witty, that thou art a Citizens wife, and that thou art honest I say, and let any man deny it that can, it is something, it is something, I say, it is *Seldomes* something, & for all the Sun-shine of my joy mine eyes must raigne upon thee.

*Enter Mall with a Letter.*

*Mall.* By your leave Master *Seldome*, have you done the hangers I bespake for the Knight?

*Seld.* Yes marry have I Mistresse *hic & hac*, i'le fetch'em to you.

*Exit.*

*Mall.* Z'ooncs, does not your husband know my name, if it had beene some body else I would have cal'd him Cuckoldly slave.

*Grace.* If it had beene some body else perhaps you might.

*Mall.* Well I may be even with him, all's cleare; pritty rogue I have long'd to know thee this twelve months, and had no other meanes by this to speake with thee, there's a letter to thee from the party.

*Grace.* What party?

*Mall.* The Knight Sir *John Lovall*.

*Grace.* Hence lewd impudent,  
I know not what to tear me thee man or woman,  
For Nature shaming to acknowledge thee  
For either; hath produc'd thee to the World  
Without a sexe, some say thou art a woman,  
Others a man; and many thou art both  
Woman and man, but I thinke rather neither  
Or man & horse, as the old Centaures were faign'd.

*Mall.* Why how now Mistris, what lacke yee? are you so fine with a poxe? I have seene a woman looke as modestly as you, and speake as sincerely, and follow the Fryars as zealously, and she has beene as found a jumbler as e're paid for, t, 'tis true Mrs *Fipenie*. I have sworn to leave this letter.

*Amends for Ladies.*

*Grace.* D'ee heare, you sword and target (to speake in your owne key) *Marie Umbree, Long Meg,*  
Thou that in thy selfe (me think'ft) alone  
Look'ft like a rogue and a whore under a hedge:  
Bawd, take your letter with you, and be gone,  
When next you come (my Husband's Constable)  
And Bridewell is hard by, y'ave a good wit,  
And can conceive.

*Enter Seldome with hangers.*

*Seld.* Looke you, here are the hangers.

*Mall.* Let's see them.

*Fie, fie, you have mistooke me quite,*  
They are not for my turne (b'y Mistris *Seldome*) *Exit.*

*Enter Lord Proudlic.*

*Grace.* Heer's my Lord *Proudlie.*

*Lo. Proud.* My Horse Laquey, is my sister *Honor* above?

*Seld.* I thinke her Ladiship, my Lord, is not well, & keeps her Chamber.

*Proud.* Al's one, I must see her, have the other *La. din'd?*

*Grace.* I thinke not my Lord.

*Proud.* Then I'll take a pipe of Tobacco here in your shop if it be not offensive, I would be loath to be thought to come just at dinner time. *Garsoon; fill firrah,*

*Enter Page with a pipe of Tobacco.*

What said the Gold-Smith for the money?

*Seldoms* having fetcht a Candle, walk's off at th' other end of the shop, Lord sits by his Wife.

*Page.* He said my Lord he would lend no man money that he durst not arrest.

*Proud.* How got that wit into Cheapo-side'tre, hee is a Cuckold.

Saw you my Lady to day, what saies she? *Takes Tobacco.*

*Page.* Marry my Lord, she said her old husband had a great payment to make this morning, and had not left her so much as a jewell.

*Proud.* A poxe of her old Cats chops, the teeth shee had, have made a transmigration into haire, shee hath a bigger beard than I by this light.

*Seld.*



*Amends for Ladies.*

*Sel.* This custome in us Citizens is good,  
Thus walking off when men talk with our wives,  
It shewes us courteous, and mannerly,  
Some count it basenesse, hee's a foole that does so,  
It is the highest point of policy,  
Especially when we have vertuous wives.

*Gr.* Fie, fie, you talke uncivilly my Lord.

*Pr.* Uncivilly, mew, can a Lord talke uncivilly? I thinke  
you a finicall taffatae pipkin may be proud ile fit so neare it,  
uncivilly mew.

*Gr.* Your mothers Cat ha's kitten'd in your mouth sure.

*Pr.* Prithee but note yon Fellow, do's he not walk & look  
as if he did desire to be a Cuckold?

*Gr.* But you doe not looke as if you would make him one,  
now they have din'd my Lord.

*Enter Lord Feesimple, Master Wel-tri'd.*

*Fees.* God save your Lordship.

*Pr.* How dost thou Coze, hast thou got any more wit yet?

*Feesim.* No by my troth I have but little money with that  
little wit I have, and the more wit ever the lesse mony, yet  
as little as I have of either, I would give something that I  
durst but quarrell,  
I would not be abused thus daily as I am.

*Welt.* Save you my Lord.

*Pr.* Good Master *Weltri'd*, you can informe me, pray  
how ended the quarrell betwixt yong *Bould*, and the other  
Gentleman.

*Welt.* Why very fairely my Lord, on honourable tearmes,  
Young *Bould* was injur'd, and did challenge him,  
Fought in the field, and the other gave him satisfaction  
Under his hand, I was *Boulds* second, & can shew it here.

*Pr.* 'Tis strange there was no hurt done, yet I hold  
the other Gentleman, farre the better Man.

*Welt.* So doe not I.

*Pr.* Besides, they say the satisfaction that walks in the Or-  
dinaries, is counter-feit.

*Welt.* He lyes that saies so, and ile make it good,  
And for I know my friend is out of towne,

*Amends for Ladies.*

What man so ever wrongs him is my foe,  
I say he had full satisfaction,  
Nay that which we may call submission:  
That the other sought peace first, and who denies this,  
Lord, Knight, or Gentleman, English, French, or Scot,  
I'll fight and prove it on him with my sword.

*Feeff.* No sweet Master *Wel-tri'd*, let's have no fighting  
till (as you have promis'd) you have rid me from this foo-  
lish feare, and taught me to endure to looke upon a naked  
Sword.

*Welt.* Well and i'll be as good as my word.

*Feeff.* But doe you heare Cozen *Proudly*? they say my old  
Father must marry your sister *Honor*, and that he will dis-  
inherit me, and intaile all his Lordships on her, and the  
heire he shall beget on her body, i't true or not?

*Proudly*, There is such a report.

*Feeff.* Why then I pray God he may dye an old Cuckold-  
ly slave, oh world what art thou? where is Parents love?  
Can he deny me for his naturall childe,  
Yet see (oh fornicator) old and stiffe,  
Not where he should be, that's my comfort yet:  
As for you my Lord, I will send to you as soone as I dare  
fight and looke upon Steele, which Master *Wel-tri'd* I pray  
let be with all possible speed.

*Pr.* What d'ee this afternoone.

*Feeff.* Faith I have a great mind to see long-meg and the  
ship at the Fortune.

*Pr.* Nay ifaith let's up and have a rest at Primero.

*Welt.* Hgreed my Lord, and toward the Evening i'll car-  
ry you to the Company.

*Feeff.* Well no more words.

*Enter Lord Proudly, Lord Feeff, Wel-tr.*

*Grace.* I wonder Sir you will walke so and let any body  
sit prating to your wife! were I a man Id'e thrust 'em out  
o'th shop by the head and shoulders.

*Seld.* There were no policy in that wife, so should I lose  
their custome, let them talke themselves weary, and give  
thee love tokens still, I lose not by it.

Thy



*Amends for Ladies.*

Thy Chastitie's impregnable, I know it,  
Had I a Dame whose eies did swallow youth,  
Whose unchast gulph together did take in  
Masters, and Men, the Foot-boies and their Lords,  
Making a Gally-moferie in her bloud,  
I would not walke thus then: but vertuous wife,  
He that in chaste cares poures his ribauld talke,  
Begets hate to himselfe, and not consent;  
And even as durt throwne hard against a wall  
Rebounds and sparkles in the throwers eies,  
So ill words utter'd to a vertuous Dame,  
Turne and defile the speaker with red shame.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Husband and Wife.*

*Hus.* Z'ooncs, you are a whore, though I intreat him faire  
Before his face, in complement, or so,  
I not esteeme him truely as this ruff,  
There's no such thing as friendship in the world,  
And he that cannot sweare, dissemble, lye,  
Wants knowledge how to live, and let him dye.

*Wife.* Sir I did thinke you had esteem'd of him.  
As you made shew, therefore I us'd him well,  
And yet not so, but that the strictest eye  
I durst have made a witnesse of my carriage.

*Husb.* Plague a your carriage, why he kist your hand,  
Look't babies in your eies, and wink't and pink't,  
You thought I had esteem'd him, S'blood you whore,  
Doe not I know, that you doe know you lye,  
When did'st thou heare me say and meane one thing?  
Oh I could kicke you now, and teare your face  
And eate thy Breasts like udders.

*Wife.* Sir you may, but if I know what hath deserv'd all this  
I am no woman, 'cause he kist my hand, unwillingly.

*Husb.* A little louder pray.

*Wife.* You are a base fellow, an unworthy man  
As e're poore Gentlewoman match't withall,  
Why should you make such shew of love to any  
Without the truth: thy beauly mind is like  
Some decay'd Tradesman that doth make his wife

Entertaine

*Amends for Ladies.*

Entertaine those for gaine he not endures,  
Pish, swell and burst, I had rather with thy sword  
Be hew'd to peeces, then leade such a life,  
Out with it valiant sir, I hold you for  
A drawer upon women, not on men,  
I will no more conceale your hollow heart,  
But ee'ne report you as you are in truth.

*Husb.* This is cal'd marriage, stop your mouth you whore.

*Wife.* Thy mother was a whore if I be one.

*Enter Subtle.*

*Hus.* You know ther's company in the house, sweet friend  
What have you writ your letter?

*Sub.* 'Tis done, deare friend, I have made you stay too long  
I feare you'l be benighted.

*Hus.* Fie, no, no,

Madam and sweetest wife farewell, God blese us,  
Make much of Master *Subtle* here my friend *kisse her.*  
Till my returne, which may be e'ne as't happens,  
According as my businesse hath successe. *Exit.*

*Sub.* How will you passe the time, now fairest Mistresse?

*Wife.* In troth I know not, wives without their husbands  
Me thinkes are lowring daies.

*Subt.* Indeede some wives  
Are like dead bodies in their Husbands absence.

*Wife.* If any Wife be, I must needs be so  
That have a Husband farre above all men,  
Untainted with the humors others have,  
A perfect man, and one that loves you truely,  
You see the charge he left of your good usage.

*Subt.* Pish, hee's an Affe, I know him, a starke Affe,  
Of a most barbarous condition,  
False-hearted to his friend, rough unto you,  
A most dissembling and perfidious fellow,  
I care not if he heard me, this I know,  
And will make good upon him with my sword  
Or any for him, for he will not fight.

*Wife.* Fie servant, you shew small civility  
And lesse humanity, d'ce requite



*Amends for Ladies.*

My husbands love thus ill, or what d'ee thinke  
Of me, that you will utter to my face  
Such harsh, unfriendly, slanderous injuries  
Even of my Husband? Sir, forbear I pray  
My eares, or your owne tongue, I am no hous-wife  
To heare my Husbands merit thus deprav'd.

*Subt.* His merit is a halter by this light,  
You thinke hee's out of Towne now, no such matter  
But gone aside, and hath importun'd me  
To try your chastity. *Wife.* It cannot be,  
Alas he is as free from jealousie,  
And ever was as confidence it selfe:  
I know he loves me to, too heartily  
To be suspitious, or to prove my truth.

*Subt.* If I doe faine in ought, ne're may I purchase  
The grace I hope for, and faire Mistresse  
If you have any spirit, or wit, or sence,  
You will be even with such a wretched slave:  
Heaven knowes I love you, as the ayre I draw,  
Thinke but how finely you may cuckold him,  
And safely too, with me, who will report  
To him, that you are most invincible,  
Your Chastity not to be subdu'd by man.

*Wife.* When you know, I'me a whore.

*Subt.* A whore, fie, no,  
That you have beene kind, or so; your whore doth live  
In Picc-hatch, Turneboule-street.

*Wife.* Your whore lives there,  
Well Servant leave me to my selfe a while,  
Returne anon, but beare this hope away,  
'Tshall be with you, if I at all doe stray. *Exit Subtle.*

Why here's right wordly friendship, yee are well met;  
Oh men! what are you? why is our poore sexe  
Still made the disgrac't subjects, in these plaies?  
For vices, folly, and inconstancy?  
When were men look't into with such criticall eyes  
Of observation, many would be found  
So full of grosse and base corruption,

*Amends for Ladies.*

That none (unlesse the Divell himselfe turn'd writer,  
Could feigne so badly, to expresse them truely :  
Some wives that had a husband now like mine,  
Would yeeld their honors up to any man,  
Farre be it from my thoughts, oh let me stand,  
Thou God of marriage and chastity,  
An honor to my sexe, no injury,  
Compell the vertue of my breast to yeeld,  
I'ts not revenge for any wife, to staine  
The nuptiall bed, although she be yok't ill,  
Who fals, because her husband so hath done,  
Cures not his wound, but in her selfe makes one. *Ex. Wife.*

*Enter Ingen reading a letter, sits downe in a Chaire,  
and stamper with his foote : to him a servant.*

*Ing.* Who brought this Letter ?

*Serv.* A little Irish foot-boy, Sir, he staies without for  
an answer.

*Ingen.* Bid him come in. Lord  
What deepe dissemblers are these females, all !  
How farre unlike a friend, this Lady us'd me,  
And here, how like one man in love, she writes !

*Enter Maid like an Irish foot-boy with a Dart, and  
gloves in her pocket, and a handkercher.*  
So blesse me Heaven, but thou art the prettiest boy  
That e're ran by a Horse ; hast thou dwelt long  
With thy faire Mistresse ?

*Maid.* I came but this morning, Sir.

*Ing.* How fares thy Lady, boy ?

*Maid.* Like to a Turtle, that hath lost her mate,  
Drooping she sits, her griefe Sir cannot speake,  
Had it a voice articulate, we should know  
How, and for what cause she suffers ; and perhaps,  
(But 'tis unlikely) give her comfort sir,  
Weeping she sits, and all the sound comes from her,  
Is like the murmur of a silver Brooke,  
Which her teares truely, would make there about her,



*Amends for Ladies.*

Sate she in any hollow continent.

*Ing.* Beleeve me boy, thou hast a passionate tongue,  
Lively expression, or thy memory  
Hath carried thy lesson well away:  
But wherefore mournes thy Lady?

*Maid.* Sir, you know,  
And would to God I did not know my selfe.

*Ing.* Alas, it cannot bee for love to me,  
When last I saw her she revil'd me (boy)  
With bitter'st words, and wisht me never more  
To approach her sight, and for my marriage, now  
I doe sustaine it, as a penance due  
To the desert, that made her banish me.

*Maid.* Sir, I dare sweare, she did presume, no words  
Nor dangers, had bin powerfull to restraine .  
Your comming to her, when she gave the charge----  
But are you married truly?

*Ing.* Why my Boy?  
Dost thinke I mocke my selfe? I sent her gloves.

*Maid.* The gloves she has return'd you Sir by me,  
And praies you give them to some other Lady  
That you'le deceive next, and be perjured to.  
Sure you have wrong'd her Sir, she bad me tell you,  
She ne're thought goodnesse dwelt in many men,  
But what there was of goodnesse in the world,  
She thought you had it all; but now she sees  
The jewell she esteem'd is counterfeit,  
That you are but a common man, your selfe  
A traytor to her, and her vertuous love;  
That all men are betrayers, and their breasts  
As full of dangerous gulphes, as is the Sea,  
Where any woman thinking to find Harbor,  
She and her honour are precipitated,  
And never to be brought with safety off:  
Alas my haplesse Lady, desolate,  
Distrest, forsaken Virgin.

*Ing.* Sure this Boy  
Is of an excellent nature, who so newly

*Amends for Ladies.*

Tane to her service, feeles his Mistresse griefe,  
As he and they were old familiar friends,  
Why weep'st thou gentle Lad?

*Maid.* Who hath one teare,  
And would not sav't from all occasions,  
From Brothers slaughters, and from mothers deaths,  
To spend it here, for my distressed Lady?  
But sir, my Lady did command me begge  
To see your wife, that I may beare to her  
The sad report: what creature could make you  
Untie the hand-fast plighted unto her?

*Enter his Brother like a woman maskt. Ingen kisses her.*

*Ingen.* Wife, wife, come forth now Gentle boy, be Iudge  
If such a face as this being paid with scorne  
By her I did adore, had not full power  
To make me marry.

*Maid.* By the God of Love,  
Shee's a faire Creature, but faith should be fairer,  
My Lady, Gentle Mistresse, one that thought  
She had some int'rest in this Gentleman,  
(Who now is onely yours) Commanded me  
To kisse your white hand, and to sigh and weepe,  
And wish you that content shee should have had  
In the fruition of her Love you hold,  
She bad me say, *God give you joy*, to both;  
Yet this withall (if yee were married)  
No one, her foot-steps sever more should meete,  
Nor see her face, but in a winding sheete.

*Brother.* Alas poore Lady, 'faith I pittie her,  
And, but to be i'th same state, could forgoe  
Any thing I possesse to ease her woe.

*Maid.* Loves blessing light upon thy gentle soule,  
Men raile at women Mistres, but 'tis we  
Are false and cruell, ten times more unkind,  
You are smother farre, and of a softer mind:  
Sir, have one request more.

*Ingen.* Gentle Lad, It must be one of a strange quality  
That I denie thee, both thy forme, and mind.



*Amends for Ladies.*

Informe me that thy nurture hath beene better,  
Than to betray thee to this present life.

*Maid.* 'Tis, that you would vouchsafe to entertaine me,  
My feete doe tremble under me, to beare  
My body backe unto my uncouth Lady,  
To assure her grieve; what heart so hard, would owe  
A tongue, to tell so sad a tale to her?  
Alas, I dare not looke upon her eies,  
Where wronged love, sits like the Basilisque,  
And sure would kill me for my dire report:  
Or rather should not I appeare like death, *{ holding up*  
When every word I spake shot through her heart, *this Dart.*  
More mortally than his unsparing Dart.

*Brother.* Let me speake for the Boy,

*Ingen.* To what end (love?)  
No, I will sue to him, to follow me,  
Introth I love thy sweet condition,  
And may live to informe thy Lady of thee;  
Come in, dry, dry thine eies, respit thy woe:  
The effects of pauses, crowne, or overthrow.

*Enter Lord Proud. La. Feesim. Weltrid Mr. Seldome,*  
*Widd. Bould pinning in a Ruffe, Wife.*

*Proud.* S'light, what should be become of her, you sweare  
she past not forth of doores, and i'th house she is not?

*Wid.* Did you not see her *Princesse*?

*Proud.* This same Bawd has brought her lotters from  
some yonger brother, and she is stolne away.

*Bould.* Bawd, I desie you, indeede your Lordship thinkes,  
you may make bawds of whom you please, i'le take my oath  
upon a booke, since I met her in the necessary house i'th  
morning, I ne're set eye on her.

*Grace.* So went not out of doores.

*P. and.* Sure she has an invisible ring.

*Feesim.* Marry she's the honestest woman, for some of their  
rings are visible enough, the more shame for them, still say  
I, let the pond at Islington be search't: goe to, there's more

have

*Amends for Ladies.*

have drown'd themselves for love this yeare then you are aware of.

*Proud.* Pish, you are a foole.

*Welt.* S'hart call him foole againe.

*Fees.* By this light and I will, as soone as ever you have shew'd me the Swaggerers.

*Wife.* Her cloathes are all yonder my Lord.

*Grace.* And even those same she had on to day.

*Proud.* Madam where is your Husband?

*Wife.* Rid into the Country.

*Fees.* O my conscience, rid into *France* with your sister.

*Omnes.* Away, away for shame.

*Fees.* Why, I hope she is not the first Lady that has run away with other womens husbands.

*Welt.* It may be she's stolen out to see a play.

*Proud.* Who should goe with her, man?

*Wid.* Upon my life you'll heare of her at Master *Ingers* house, some love past betwixt them, and we heard that he was married to day to another.

*Proud.* S'hart, ile goe see.

*Exit. Proudly.*

*Welt.* Come to the Swaggerers.

*Exeunt Fees. Welt.*

*Fees.* Mercy upon me, a man or a—Lord now?

*Omnes.* Here's a quoile with a Lord and his sister.

*Wid. Princeps,* hast not thou pin'd in that Ruffe yet? ah! how thou fumblest.

*Bould.* Troth Madam, I was ne're brought up to it, 'tis Chamber-maids work, & I have ever liv'd Gentlewoman. And beene us'd accordingly.

*Exeunt.*

---

*Actus Tertius*

*Enter Husband and Subtle.*

*Subt.* Shee's a rare wife beleeve it Sir, were all such, we never should have false inheritors.

*Husb.* Pish friend, there is no woman in the world can hold out in the end, if youth, shape, wit, Met in one subject, doe assault her aptly,

For



*Amends for Ladies*

For failing once, you must not faint, but try  
Another way; the path of womens minds  
Are crooked, and diverse, they have by-waies  
To leade you to the Pallace of their pleasures,  
And you must wooe discreetly: first observe  
The disposition of her you attempt,  
If she be sprightfull, and heroicall,  
Possesse her that you are valiant, and have spirit,  
Talke nothing but of beating every man  
That is your hinderance, though you doe not doe it,  
Or dare not, 'tis no matter. Be she free,  
And of a liberall soule, give bounteously  
To all the seruyants, let your angels fly  
About the roome, although you borrow'd 'em.  
If she be witty, so must your discourse  
Get wit, what shift soe're you make for it,  
Though't cost you all your Land, and then a song  
Or two is not amisse, although you buy 'em;  
There's many in the Towne will furnish you.

*Subt.* But still I tell you, you must use her roughly,  
Beate her face blacke and blew, take all her cleaths  
And give them to some Punke; this will be ground  
For me to worke upon.

*Husb.* All this I have done.  
I have left her now, as bare, that should I dye,  
Her fortune (o my conscience) would be  
To marry some Tobacco-man: she has nothing  
But an old black-worke wast-cote, which would serve  
Exceeding well to sit i'th shop and light  
Pipes for the lowzie Footmen: (and sweete friend)  
First here's a jewell to present her, then  
Here is a Sonnet writ against my selfe,  
Which as thine owne thou shalt accost her with,  
Farewell and happy successe attend thee,

*Exit.*  
*he reads.*

*Subt.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Fairest, still wilt thou be true  
To man so false to thee?  
Did he lend a Husband due,*

*Thou*

*Amends for Ladies.*

Thou didst owe him loyalty;  
But will curses, wants, and blowes  
Breed no change in thy white soule?  
Be not a foole to thy first vowes,  
Since his first breach, doth thy faith controule,  
No beauty else, could be so chaste,  
Thinke not thou honour'st women then,  
Since by thy conscience, all disgrac't  
Are rob'd of the deare loves of men;  
Then grant me my desire that vow to prove  
A reall husband, his adulterate love.

Tooke ever man more paines to be a Cuckold?  
Oh! monstrous age where men themselves we see,  
Study and pay for their owne infamy.

*Exit*

*Enter Ingen, Maid, Proudly, Brother like a  
woman, (sword drawne.*

*Proud.* Give me my sister, Ile have her forth thy heart.

*Ing.* No earthly Lord can pull her out of that,  
Till he have pluckt my heart first out, my Lord  
Wer't not inhospitable, I could wrong you here  
In mine owne house, I am so full of woe,  
For your lost sister, that by all my joyes  
Hop't for in her, my heart weepes teares of bloud:  
A whiter Virgine, and a worthier,  
Had ne're creation: *Læda's* Swan was blacke  
To her virginity, and immaculate thoughts.

*Proud.* Where hast thou hid her? give her me againe,  
For by the God of vengeance, be she lost,  
The female hate shall spring betwixt our names,  
Shall never dye, while one of either house  
Survives, our children shall at seven yeares old  
Strike knives in one another.

*Ing.* Let Hell gape  
And take me quicke, if I know where she is,  
But am so charg'd with sorrow for her losse,  
Being the cause of it, (as no doubt I am)  
That I had rather fall upon my sword (*Offering to kill himself.*  
Then breath a minute longer.

*Brot.* Oh sir I hold.  
*Proud.*



*Amends for Ladies.*

*Proud.* Thou shalt not neede, I have a sword to bathe  
In thy false bloud, inhumane murderer.

*Maid.* Good Sir be pacified, i'le goe, i'le run  
Many a mile to find your sister out;  
She never was so desperate of Grace,  
By violence to rob her selfe of life,  
And so her soule in danger; comfort Sir,  
Shee's but retir'd somewhere on my life,

*Ing.* Prethee let me alone---- ( *To his Brother.*  
Doe I stand to defend that wretched life  
That is in doubt of hers, here worthy Lord,  
Behold a breast, fram'd of thy sisters love,  
Hew it, for thou shalt strike but one a stocke,  
Since she is gone that was the cause it liv'd,

*Proud.* Out false dissembler, art not married? *Plucks*

*Ing.* No, behold it is my younger brother drest, *of his*  
A man, no woman, that hath guld the world, *head-tire.*  
Intended for a happier event  
Than this that follow'd, that she now is gone.  
Oh fond experiments of simple man,  
Foole to thy fate, since all thy project men't  
But mirth, is now converted unto death.

*Maid.* Oh doe not burst me joy, that modesty *aside.*  
Would let me shew my selfe to finish all.

*Proud.* Nay, then thou hast my sister somewhere villaine,  
'Tis plaine now thou wilt steale thy marriage,  
She is no match for thee assure thy selfe.  
If all the Law in England, or my friends  
Can crosse it, 'tshall not be.

*Ing.* Would 'twere so well,  
And that I knew the Lady to be safe.  
Give me no ill words; Sir, this Boy and I  
Will wander like two Pilgrimes, till we find her:  
If you doe love her as you talke, doe so;  
The love or grieve that is exprest in words,  
Is slight and easie, 'tis but shallow wee  
That makes a noise, deep't waters stillest goe;  
I love her better than thy parents did,

*Amends for Ladies.*

Which is beyond a Brother.

*Proud.* Slave, thou liest. *Ingen.* Z' oones. [*about to strike.*

*Broth.* Kill him.

*Maid.* Oh hold; Sir, you dishonour much your brother,  
To counsaile him 'gainst hospitality,  
To strike in his owne house.

*Ing.* You, Lord insolent, I will fight with you,  
Take this, as a challenge, and set your time.

*Proud.* To morrow morning *Ingen,*  
'Tis that I covet, and provoke thee for.

*Bro.* Will you not strike him now? *Ing.* No, my good boy  
Is both discreet and just in his advice.

Thy glories are to last but for a day;  
Give me thy hand, to morrow morning thou shalt be no Lo.

*Proud.* To morrow none, thou shalt not be at all.

*Ingen.* Pish, why should you thinke for have not I armes,  
A soule as bold as yours, a sword as true?  
I do not thinke your Honor in the field  
Without your Lordships Liveries will have odds.

*Pr.* Farewell, and lets have no excuses, pray. *Exit Pr.*

*Ing.* I warrant you, pray say your prayers to night  
And bring no ink-horne w'ee, to set your hand to  
A satisfactorie recantation. *Exit.*

*Maid.* Oh wretched Maid, whose sword can I pray for?  
But by the others losse, I must find death,  
Oh odious brother, if he kill my love;  
Oh bloody love, if he should kill my brother:  
Dispaire on both sides of my discontent,  
Tel's me no safety rests but to prevent. *Exit.*

*Enter Widow and Bould like Princex.*

*Wid.* What's a clocke *Princex?*

*Bould.* Bed-time an't please you Madame?

*Wid.* Come, undresse me, would God had made me a man.

*Bould.* Why, Madame?

*Wid.* Because I would have bin in bed as loone as they,  
we are so long unpinning and unlacing.

*Bould.* Yet many of us Madam are quickly undone some-  
time, but herein we have the advantage of men, though  
they



*Amends for Ladies.*

they can be a bed sooner than we, 'tis a great while when they are a bed e're they can get up.

*Wid.* Indeede if they be well laid *Princox*, one cannot get them up againe in hast.

*Bould.* Oh God Madam, how meane you that, I hope you know, ill things taken into a Gentlewomans eares, are the quicke corrupters of maiden modesty: I would be loath to continue in any service unfit for my Virgin estate, or where the world should take any notice of light behaviour in the Lady I follow: for Madam, the maine point of chastity in a Lady, is to build the rock of a good opinion amongst the people by circumstances, & a faire shew she must take, *Si non caste, tamen caste* Madam, & though wit be a wanton Madam: yet I beseech your Lady-ship for your owne credit and mine, let the bridle of judgement be alwayes in the chaps of it to give it head, or restraine it, according as time and place shall be convenient.

*Wid.* Precise and learned *Princox*, dost not thou goe to Black-fryers?

*Bould.* Most frequently Madam, unworthy vessell that I am to partake or retaine any of the delicious dew, that is there distilled.

*Wid.* But why shouldst thou aske me what I meant e'ne now? I tell thee there's nothing utter'd that carries a double sence, one good, one bad, but if the hearer apply it to the worst, the fault lyes in his or her corrupt understanding, not in the speaker, for to answer your latine: *præis omnia prava*, beleeve me wench, if ill come into my fancy, I will purge it by speech the lesse will remaine within: apox of these nise mouth'd creatures, I have seene a narrow pare of lips utter as broad a taile, as can be bought for money; Indeed an ill tale unutter'd, is like a maggot in a nut, it spoiles the whitest kernell.

*Bould.* You speake most intelligently Madam.

*Wid.* Ha'st not done yet? thou art an old fumbler I perceive: methinkes thou doest not doe things like a woman.

*Bould.* Madam, I doe my endeavour, and the best can doe no more, they that could doe better; it may be would

*Amends for Ladies.*

no, and then 'twere all one, but rather then be a burthen to your Ladiship, I protest sincerely, I would beg my bread, therefore I beseech you Madam to hold me excus'd, and let my good will stand for the action.

*Wid.* Let thy good will stand for the action? If good will would doe it, there's many a Lady in this Land would bee content with her old Lord, and thou canst not be a burthen to me, without thou lye upon me, and that were preposterous in thy sexe: take no exceptions at what I say, remember you said stand e'ne now, there was a word for one of your coate indeede.

*Bould.* I sweare Madam, you are very merry, God send you good lucke: has your Ladiship no waters, that you use at bed-time?

*Wid.* No introth *Princex.*

*Bould.* No Complexion?

*Wid.* None but mine own I sweare, did'st thou ever use any?

*Bould.* No indeede Madame: now and then a peece of scarlet, or so; a little white and red Cerusse; but in troth Madam, I have an excellent receipt for a night masque as ever you heard. —

*Wid.* What is it?

*Bould.* Bores grease one ounce, Iordane Almonds blanch'd and ground a quarterne, red Rose-water halfe a pint, Mares urine, newly cover'd, halfe a score drops.

*Wid.* Fough, no more of thy medicine, if thou lov'st me, few of our Knights errant, when they meete a faire Lady arrant in a morning, would thinke her face had lien so plaster'd all night: thou hast had some Apothecarie to thy sweet heart: but leaving this facephysick, for (by my troth) it may make others have good ones, but it make me a scurvie one. Which of all the Gallants in the Towne would'st thou make a husband of, if thou might'st have him for thy chusing?

*Bould.* Introth Madam, but you'le say I speake blindly, but let my love stand aside.

*Wid.* I thinke it not fit indeede your love should stand in the middle.

*Bould.* I say Master *Bould*; oh, doe but mark him Madam, his



*Amends for Ladies.*

his leg, his hand, his body, & all his members stand in print.

*Wid.* Out upon thee *Princox*, no; methinks *Wel-tri'ds* a handsome fellow, I like not these starch't Gallants: masculine faces, and masculine gestures please me best.

*Bould.* How like you Master *Part*?

*Wid.* Fie upon him, when he is in his skarlet clothes, he lookes like a man of waxe, and I had as leve have a dogge a waxe; I doe not thinke but he lies in a case a nights, hee walkes as if he were made of gins, as if nature had wrought him in a frame, I have seene him sit discontented a whole play, because one of the purles of his band was fallen (out of his reach) to order againe.

*Bould.* Why? *Bould* Madam is cleane contrary.

*Wid.* I but that's as ill, each extreame is alike vitious; his carefull carelesnesse is his study, he spends as much time to make himselfe slovenly, as the other to be spruce; his garters hang ever upon the calves of his legges, his dublet unbuckton'd, and his points untruss'd; his haire in's cies like a drunkard, & his hat worn on his hinder part of his head; as if he car'd more for his memory, than his wit; makes him looke as if he were distracted; *Princox*, I would have you lye with me, I doe not love to lye alone.

*Bould.* With all my heart Madam.

*Wid.* Are you cleane skind?

*Bould.* Cleane skind Madam? there's a question, doe you thinke I have the itch? I am an *English* woman, I protest, I scorne the motion.

*Wid.* Nay prethee *Princox* be not angry, it's a signe of honesty I can tell you.

*Bould.* Faith Madam I thinke 'tis but simple honesty that dwells at the signe of the scab.

*Wid.* Well, well, come to bed, and wee'le talke further of all these matters.

*Exit.*

*Bould.* Fortune I thanke thee, I will owe thee cies  
For this good turne, now is she mine indeede,  
Thou hast given me that successe my project hop'd  
Of, false disguise that hast bin true to me,  
And now be *Bould*, that thou maist welcome be.

*Exit.*

*Enter*

*Amends for Ladies.*

*Enter Whore-band, Bots, Teare-chops, Spil-bloud,  
and Drawer : severall patches on their faces.*

*Tear.* Dam-me, we will have more wine, sirrah, or wee'l downe into the Seller, and drowne thee in a But of Malmesey, and hew all the Hogf-heads in pieces.

*Whoore.* Hang him rogue, shall he dye as honourable as the Duke of Clarence; by this flesh let's have wine, or I wil cut thy head off, & have it roasted and eaten in Pie-corner next Bartholmew-tide.

*Draw.* Gentlemen, I beseech you consider where you are, Turnebole-streete, a civill place, do not disturbe a number of poore Gentlewomen; Master *Whoore-band*, Ma: *Bots*, Ma: *Teare-chops*, and Ma: *Spil-bloud*, the Watch are abroad.

*Spilb.* The Watch? why you rogue, are not we Kings of Turnebole?

*Draw.* Yes marry are yee, Sir, for my part if you'l bee quiet, ile have a signe made of yee, and it shall be cal'd the foure Kings of Turnebole.

*Bots.* Will you fetch us wine?

*Whoore.* And a whoore (sirrah)

*Draw.* Why what d'ee thinke of me, am I an Infidell, a Turke, a Pagan, a Sarazen? I have beene at *Besse Turnups*, and she sweares all the Gentlewomen went to see a Play at the Fortune, and are not come in yet, and she beleeves they sup with the Players.

*Tear.* Dam-me, we must kill all those rogues, we shall never keepe a whoore honest for them.

*Bots.* Goe your waies, sirrah, wee'l have but a gallon a peece, and an ounce of Tobacco.

*Draw.* I beseech you, let it be but pottles.

*Spilb.* S'hart you rogue?

*Exit Draw.*

*Enter Weltri'd and Fee-simple.*

*Whoore.* Master *Wel-tri'd*, welcome as my soule.

*Enter Drawer with Wine, Plate, and Tobacco.*

*Bots.* Noble Lad, how do'st thou?

*Spilb.* As welcome, as the Tobacco and the Wine Boy.

*Tear.* Dam-me thou art.

*Fee-simple.*



*Amends for Ladies.*

*Fee.* Blesse me (save you Gent.) They have not one face among 'em. I could wish my selfe well from them, I would I had put out something upon my returne, I had as leve beat *Barmuthoes*.

*Welt.* Pray welcome this Gentleman. *Spilb.* Is he valiant?

*Welt.* Faith hee's a little faulty that way, somewhat of a bashfull and backward nature, yet I have brought him amongst you, because he hath a great desire to be flesh'd.

*Fee.* Yes faith Sir, I have a great desire to bee flesh'd: now Mr. *Wel-tri'd* said, hee would bring me to the onely flesh-mongers in the Towne.

*Welt.* Sir, he cannot endure the sight of Steele,

*Whor.* Not Steele? zooncs.

*{ Claps his sword over the Table.*

*Fee.* Now I am going.

*Bot.* Here's to you sir, i'll fetch you again with a cup of sack.

*Fee.* I pledge you sir, and begin to you in a cup of Claret;

*Welt.* Harke you my Lo: what will you say, if I make you beate all these out of the roome?

*Fee.* What will I say? why I say it is impossible, 'tis not in mortall man.

*Welt.* Well, drinke apace, if any brave you, out-brave him, Ile second you, they are a company of cowards beleeve me.

*Fee.* By this light I would they were else, if I thought so, I would be upon the Jack of one of 'em instantly, that same little Dam me. But Mr. *Wel-tri'd*, if they be not very valiant, or dare not fight, how come they by such Cuts and gashes, and such broken faces?

*Welt.* Why their whores strike 'em with Cans, & glasses, and quart pots, if they have nothing by 'em, they strike 'em with the Poxe, and you know that will lay ones nose as flat as a basket hilt Dagger.

*Fee.* Wel Let me alone. *Tear.* This bullie dares not drink.

*Fee.* Dare I not Sir? *Welt.* Well said, speake to him man,

*Fee.* You had best try me Sir.

*Spilb.* We foure will drinke foure healths to foure of the heaven deadly sins, Pride, Drunkenesse, wrath & Lechery.

*Fee.* I'll pledge 'em, and I thanke you, I know 'em all; heere's one.

*Whore.*

*Amends for Ladies.*

*Wb.* Which of the sins? *Fee.* By my troth e'ne to Pride.

*Wel.* Why well said, & in this doe not you onely pledge your Mistris health, but all the womens in the world.

*Fee.* So now, this little Cup to Wrath, because he and I are strangers.

*Tear.* Brave boy, Dam me he shall be a Rorer.

*Fee.* Dam me, I will be a rorer, or't shall cost me a fall.

*Bots.* The next place that fals, pray let him have it.

*Fee.* Well, I have two of my healths to drink yet, Lechery, and Drunkenesse, which e'ne shall goe together.

*Welt.* Why how now my Lord, a Moralist?

*Boss.* Dam me, art thou a Lo: what vertues hast thou?

*Fee.* Vertues? enough to keepe ere a Dam mee company in England, me thinkes you should thinke it vertue enough to be a Lord.

*Whore.* Will not you pledge these healths Master *Wel-tri'd*? wee'le have no observers.

*Welt.* Why *Monnsfer Whore-bang*? I am no play maker, and for pledging your healths, I love none of the foure, you dranke to so well.

*Spilb.* Zoones you shall pledge me this. *Welt.* Shall I?

*Fee.* What's the matter? do'tt heare *Master Wel-tri'd*, use thine owne diseretion, if thou wilt not pledge him, say so? & let me see, if e're a Dam me of 'em all, will force thee.

*Spilb.* Puffe, will your Lordship take any Tobacco? you Lord, with the white face?

*Botts.* 'Heart he cannot put it through his nose.

*Fee.* Faith you have ne're a nose to put it through, dee hear? blow your face sirrah.

*Tear.* You'le pledge me Sir? *Welt.* Indeed I will not.

*Tear.* Dam me he shall not then.

*Tear.* Lord, use not your owne words, Dam me is mine, I am knowne by it all the Towne o're, d'ee heare?

*Fee.* It is as free for me as you, d'ee here Patch?

*Tear.* I have paid more for't.

*Welt.* Nay Ile beare him witnesse in a truth, his soule lyes for't my Lord.

*Spilb.* *Wel-tri'd*, you are growne proud since you got good



*Amends for Ladies.*

good Clothes, and have follow'd your Lord. *Swikes & Where. I have knowne you louzie. Wel-tri'd, & they scuffle.*  
*Welt. Rorer you lye.* *Draw and fight, throw*  
*Dr. Oh Jesu.* *Spots and Booles.*

*All Sw.* Zooncs cleave or be cleft: pell mell, slash armes and legges.

*Fee.* Hart let me alone with 'em. *Breako off.*

*Welt.* Why now thou art a worthy wight, indeed a Lord a Lorne.

*Fee.* I am a mad man: lookers not that one of their heads?

*Welt.* Fic, no my Lord.

*Fee.* Dam me but 'tis, I would not wish you to crosse me a purpose, if you have any thing to say to me, so, I am ready.

*Welt.* Oh brave Lord, many a rorer thus is made by wine: come it is one of their heads my Lord.

*Fee.* Why so then, I will have my humour, if you love me, let's goe breake windowes somewhere.

*Welt.* Drawer, take your plate, for the reckoning there's some of their cioakes: I will be no shot-log to such.

*Draw.* Gods blessing o' your heart, for thus ridding the house of them. *Exeunt.*

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*Actus quarti Scena prima.*

*Enter Widow undrest, a sword in her hand, and*

*Bould in his shirt, as if he had fram bed.*

*Wid.* **V** Ncivill man, if I should take thy life,  
It were not to be weigh'd with thy attempt:  
Thou hast for ever lost me.

*Bould.* Madam, why?

Can love beget losse? Doe I covet you

Unlawfully? Am I an unfit man

To make a husband of? Send for a Priest,

First consummate the match, and then to bed

Without more trouble. *Wid.* No, I will not doe't.

*Bould.* Why you confest to me as you'r a Gentlewoman,

I was the man your heart did most affect:

That you did doate upon my mind and body.

*Amends for Ladies.*

*Wid.* So, by the sacred and inviolate knot  
Of marriage, I doe, but will not wed thee.

*Bould.* Why yet enjoy me now, Consider Lady,  
That little, but blest time I was in bed,  
Although I lay as by my sisters side,  
The world is apt to censure otherwise :  
So tis necessity that we marry now.

*Wid.* Pish, I regard not (as a straw) the world ;  
Fame from the tongues of men doth injury  
Oftner than Justice : and as conscience  
Onely makes guilty persons not report :  
(For shew we cleare as springs unto the world,  
If our owne knowledge doe not make us so,  
That is no satisfaction to our selves :)

So stand we ne're so leproous to mens eye,  
It cannot hurt heart-knowne integrity.  
You have trusted to that fond opinion,  
This is the way to have a widdow-hood ;  
By getting to her bed : Alas young man,  
Should'st thou thy selfe tell thy companions,  
Thou hast dishonour'd me, (as you men have tongues  
Forked and venom'd 'gainst our subject sexe ;)  
It should not move me, that know 'tis not so :  
Therefore depart, Truth be my vertuous shield.

*Bould.* Few widdowes would doe thus.

*Wid.* All modest would.

*Bould.* To be in bed, and in possession  
Even of the marke I aim'd at, and got off  
Foild and disgrac't ; come, come, you'll laugh at me  
Behind my back, publish I wanted spirit,  
And mocke me to the Ladies ; call me child,  
Say you denide me but to try the heate  
And zeale of my affection toward you,  
Then clapt up with a rime, as for example :

*He coldly loves, retires for one vaine tryall,*

*For we are yeelding, when we make denyall.*

*Wid.* Servant I make no question, from this time  
You'll hold a more reverent opinion



*Amende for Ladies.*

Of some that weare long Coates, and tis my pride,  
To assure you that there are amongst us good;  
And with this continency, if you goe away,  
I'le be so farre from thinking it defect,  
That I will hold you worthiest of men.

*Bould.* S'hart, I am *Tantalus*, my long'd for fruit  
Bobs at my lips, yet still it shrinkes from me;  
Have not I that, which men say never failes  
To o'recome any opportunity?  
Come, come, I am too cold in my assault,  
By all the virtues, that yet ever were  
In man, or woman, I with reverence  
Doe love thee Lady; but will be no foole  
To let occasion slip her fore-top from me.

*Wid.* You will faile this way too, upon my knees  
I doe desire thee to preserve thy virtues,  
And with my teares my honour; tis as bad  
To lose our worths to them, or to deceive  
Who have held worthy opinions of us,  
As to betray trust: all this I implore  
For thine owne sake, not mine; as for my selfe,  
If thou bee'st violent, by this stupid night,  
And all the mischiefs her darke wombe hath bred,  
I'le raise the house, I'le cry a rape.

*Bo.* I hope you will not hang me, that were murther Lady,  
A greater sin, than dying with me sure.

*Wid.* Come, flatter not your selfe with argument,  
I will exclaime; the law hangs you, not I;  
Or if I did, I had rather farre confound  
The dearest body in the world to me,  
Then that, that body should confound my soule.

*Bould.* Your soule, alas Mistresse, are you so fond  
To thinke her generall destruction  
Can be procur'd by such a naturall act,  
Which beasts are borne to, and have priviledge in?  
Fie, fie, if this could be, farre happier  
Are sensitive soules in their creation  
Than man the Prince of creatures; thinke you Heaven

*Amends for Ladies.*

Regards such mortall deeds, or punisheth  
Those acts, for which he hath ordain'd us  
*Wid.* You argue like an Atheist, y man is never  
The Prince of creatures, as you call him now,  
But in his reason, faile that, he is worse  
Than Horse, or Dog, or beast of wilderness,  
And 'tis that reason teacheth us to doe  
Our actions unlike them: then that which you  
Tearmed in them a priviledge beyond us,  
The basenesse of their being doth expresse,  
Compar'd to ours; Horses, Bulls, and Swine,  
Doe leape their Dams, because man does not so,  
Sall we conclude his making happilesse?

*Bould.* You put me downe, yet will not put me downe;  
I am too gentle, some of you I have heard,  
Love not these words but force, to have it done  
As they sing prick-song, e'ne at the first sight.

*Wid.* Goe too, keep off, by Heaven & Earth, i'll call thee so.

*Bould.* How if no body heare you?

*Wid.* If they doe not, I will kill you with mine owne hands, never starr  
Or failing that, kill on this sword my selfe.

*Bould.* Oh widow wonderfull, if thou dost not repent  
Now God forgive my mother and my sisters  
Thinke but how finely Madam and I have lov'd  
For ever you and I, might live all day your Gentlewoman  
To doe you service, but all night your man  
To doe you service, nowness of the trick, I will exclaim  
If nothing else might serve yee.

*Wid.* 'Tis a stale game of blowes in the world  
And was done in the first ten years agoe,  
Will you be gone, the doore is open for you.

*Bould.* Let me but tarry till the morning Madam,  
To send for cloths, shall I goe naked home?

*Wid.* 'Tis the time now, tis but once a clocke,  
And you may goe unsworne by Heaven,  
I would spend all the night to sit and talk with you,  
If I durst trust you, I doe love you so.



*Amends for Ladies.*

My blood forsakes my heart now you depart.

*Bould.* S'hart, will you marry me hereafter then?

*Wid.* No, you are too yong, and I am much too old;  
I am unworthy, and the world will say  
We married not for love; good Morrow servant. *Ex. Wid.*

*Bould.* Why so? these women are the errants Iuglers in  
the World, the wry-leg'd fellow is an Asie to 'em. Well, I  
must have this Widow what e're come on't: Faith she has  
turn'd me out of her service very barely; hark, what's here,  
musique?

*Enter Subtle with a paper, and his Boy with a cloake.*

*Subt.* Rise Lady Mistrisse, rise  
The night hath tedious beene,  
No sleepe hath fallen into my eies,  
Nor slumbers made me sinne.

Is not she a Saint then say,  
Thought of whom keeps sinne away?  
Rise Madam, rise and give me light,  
Whom darknesse still will cover,  
And ignorance darker than night,  
Till thou smile on thy lover;  
All want day till thy beauty rise,  
For the gray morne breakes from thine eies.  
Now sing it firrah. *(The Song sung by the Boy.*

*Subt.* S'foot, who's his? young Master *Bould*? God save  
you, you are an early stirrer.

*Bould.* You say true Master *Subtle*, I have beene early  
up, but as God helpe me, I was never the needre.

*Subt.* Where have you bin Sir?

*Bould.* What's that to you Sir? at a womans labour.

*Subt.* Very good: I ne're tooke you for a Mid-wife  
before.

*Bould.* The troth is, I have bin up all night at dice, and  
lost my cloathes; good morrow Master *Subtle*, pray God the

Watch be broke to: I thanke you for your Musique. *Exit.*

*Subt.* It is payabie by this aire, her husband being abroad;

*Bould* has latic with her, & is now convey'd out of doores.

Is this the Lady *Perfett* with a poxe? The truth is, her ven-

*Amends for Ladies.*

trous Chastity, began to make me make a myracle of her, still holding out to me, notwithstanding her husbands most barbarous usage of her, but now indeed 'tis no marvaile since another possesses her: Well Madam, ile goe find out your Cuckold, ile be reveng'd on you and tell a tale Shall tickle him, this is a cheate in love, Not to be borne, another to beguile Me of the game, I plaid for all this while.

*Enter Wel-tri'd and Bould putting on his dubler,*

*Fee-simple on a bed, as in Bould's chamber.*

*Wels.* You see, we made bould with your lodging, indeed, I did assure my selfe, you were fast for this night.

*Bo.* But how the Divell came this foole in your company?

*Wels.* S'foot man, I carried him last night among the Rorers, to flesh him, and by this light he got drunke, and beate 'em all.

*Bould.* Why then hee can endure the sight of a drawne sword now?

*Wels.* Oh God Sir, I thinke in my conscience, he will cate Steele shortly, I know not how his conversion will hold after this sleepe, but in an houre or two (last night) he was growne such a little dam-me, that I protest, I was affraid of the spirit, that I my selfe had rais'd in him: but this other matter of your expulsion thus mads me to the heart; Were you in bed with her?

*Bould.* In bed by Heaven.

*Wels.* I'le be hang'd if you were not busie too soone, you should have let her slept first,

*Bould.* Z'oonces man, she put her hand to my breasts, and swore I was no maid, now I being eager to prove her words true, tooke that hint, and would violently have thrust her hand lower, when her thought being swifter than my strength, made her no sooner imagine that she was betrai'd, but she leapes out of the bed, whips me downe a sword that hung by, and as, if fortitude and justice had met to assist her, spight of all argument faire or fowle she fore't me away.

*Wels.* But is't possible thou should'st have no more wit, would'st thou come away upon any tearmes, but sure ones,

having



*Amends for Ladies.*

having night, her chamber, and her selfe naked in thine armes? By that light, if I had a sonne of 14, whom I had help't thus farre, that had serv'd me so, I would breech him.

*Bould.* S'hart what would you have me done?

*Wels.* Have done? done, done twice at least.

*Bould.* Have plaid *Tarquin* and ravish't her.

*Wels.* Pish, *Tarquin* was a block-head, if he had had any wit, and could have spoke, *Lucresse* had never bin ravished, she would have yeelded, I warrant thee, and so will any woman.

*Bould.* I was such an erronious heretique to love, and women, as thou art, till now.

*Wels.* God's precious, it makes me mad, when I thinke on't: was there ever such an absur'd trick? now will she abuse thee horribly, say thou art a faint-hearted fellow, a milk-sop, and I know not what, as indeed thou art.

*Bould.* Z'ones, would you had bin in my place.

*Wels.* Z'ones I would I had, I would have so jumbl'd her honesty: would'st thou be held out at staves end with words? dost thou not know a widow's a weake vessell, & is easily cast if you close.

*Bould.* *Wel-tri'd*, you deale unfriendly.

*Wels.* By this light I shall blush to be seen in thy company.

*Bould.* Pray leave my chamber.

*Wels.* Poxe upon your chamber, I care not for your chamber, nor your selfe more than you care for me.

*Bo.* S'bloud I as little for you. *Wels.* Why fare you well.

*Bo.* Why, fare-well you. *Wel-tri'd*, I pretbee stay, Thou know'st I love thee.

*Wels.* S'hart, I love you as well; but for my spleene, or choller, I thinke I have as much as you.

*Bo.* Well friend, this is the businesse you must doe for me, Repaire unto the widow, where give out, To morrow morne, I shall be married: Invite her to the wedding, I have a trick, To put upon this Lord too, whom I made my instrument to preferre me.

*Wels.* What shall follow,

*Amends or Ladies.*

I will not aske, because I meant to see't:  
The jars'twixt friends, still keeps their friendship sweet.  
*Fees.* Why *Woltr'd*, you rogue, what's that a vision?

*Bould.* Why how now my Lord? who do you call rogue?  
the Gentleman you name is my friend, if you were wise I  
should be angry.

*Fees.* Angry with me? why dam me Sir, and you be;  
Cut with your sword, it is not with me I tell you  
As it was yesterday, I am flesht man; I:  
Have you any thing to say to me?

*Bould.* Nothing but this; how many doe you thinke you  
have slaine last night?

*Fees.* Why five, I never kill lesse.

*Bould.* There was but foure: my Lord you had best pro-  
vide your selfe and be gone, three you have slaine stark dead.

*Fees.* You jelt.

*Bould.* 'Tis most true, *Wel-tr'd* is fled.

*Fees.* Why let the Rorers meddle with me another time;  
as for flying, I scorne it, I kild 'em like a man; when did  
you ever see a Lord hang for any thing? we may kill whom  
we list, marry my conscience pricks me; ah plague a this  
drink, what things it makes us doe! I doe no more remem-  
ber this now than a puppy-dogge.

Oh bloody Lord that art bedawb'd with gore,  
Vaine world adiew, for I will rore no more.

*Bould.* Nay stay my Lord, I did but try the tendernes  
of your conscience, all this is nothing so; but to sweeten the  
tale (I have for you) I foretold you this faign'd mischance.

*Fees.* It is a tale belonging to the Widow?

*Bould.* I thinke you are a witch.

*Fees.* My Grand-mother was suspected.

*Bould.* The Widow has desired you by me, to meet her to-  
morrow morning at Church in some unknowne disguise,  
least any suspect it; for quoth she,  
Long hath he held me fast in his moyst hand,  
Therefore I will be his in nuptiall band.

*Fees.* *Bould*, I have ever taken you to be my friend, I am  
very wise now, and valiant; if this be not true, dam me Sir,  
you



*Amends for Ladies.*

you are the sonne of a whore, and you lye, and I will make it good with my sword.

*Bould.* I am, what e're you please sir; if it be not true, I will goe with you to the Church my selfe, your disguise I have thought on; the Widow is your owne. Come, leave your fooling.

*Fees.* If this be true, thou little Boy, *Bould.* *Cant.*  
So true, as thou tell'st to me,  
To morrow morne when I have the Widow,  
My deare friend shalt thou be. *Exit.*

*Enter Maid like the foot-boy: Seldome with a couple of servants, Pits, Donner.*

*Maid.* Sir, 'tis most true, and in this shall you be Unlike to other Citizens that arrest To undoe Gentlemen: your clemency here Perchance saves two lives, one from the others sword, The other from the Lawes; this morne they fight, And though your debtor be a Lord, yet should he Miscarry, certainly your debt were lost.

*Seld.* Do'st thou serve the Lord Proudly? *Maid.* Sir, I doe.

*Seld.* Well, such a Boy as thou, is worth more money Then thy Lord owes me; 'tis not for the debt I doe arrest him, but to end this strife, Which both may lose my money and his life.

*Enter Lord Proudly with a riding rod.*

*Pr.* My Horse there, Zoones I will not for the world He should alight before me in the field, My name and honor were for ever lost.

*Seld.* Good morrow to your Honor, I doe heare Your Lordship this faire morning is to fight, And for your honor: Did you never see The Play, where the fat Knight hight *Old-castle*, Did tell you truly what this honor was?

*Pr.* Why, how now good man flat-cap, what d'ee lacke? Who doe you talke to sirrah? 1. *Serg.* We arrest you.

*Pr.* Arrest me, rogue? I am a Lord ye curs, a Parliament man.

2. *Serg.* Sir, we arrest you though. *Pr.* At whose suite?

*Amends for Lachies.*

*Seld.* At mine, Sir.

*Pr.* Why thou base rogue, did not I set thee up,  
Having no stock, but thy faire shop and wife?

*Seld.* Into my house with him.

*Maid.* Away with him, away with him.

*Pr.* A plot, a trick by heaven. See *Ingens* foot-boy, tis  
by his Masters meanes, oh coward, slave, ile put in baile, or  
pay the debt.

*Sel.* I, I, wee'le talke with you within--- thrust him in. *Ex.*

*Enter Ingen looking on his sword and bending it,*  
*his brother like a Man.*

*Ing.* If I miscarry *Frank*, I prethee see  
All my debts paid, about five hundred pounds,  
Will satisfie all men, and my Land,  
And what I else possesse, by natures right  
And thy descent, *Frank*, I make freely thine.

*Broth.* I know, you doe not thinke I wish you dead  
For all the benefit besides, your spirit  
So opposite to counsaile, to avert  
Your resolution, that I save my breath,  
Which would be lost in vaine, to expire and spend  
Upon your foe if you fall under him.

*Ing.* *Frank*, I protest you shall doe injury  
Upon my foe, and much disturbance too  
Unto my soule departing, dye I here  
Fairly, and on my single enemies sword;  
If you should not let him goe off untouch't.  
Now by the Master of thy life and mine,  
I love thee Boy, beyond any example,  
As well as thou dost me, but should I goe  
Thy second to the field, as thou dost mine,  
And if thine enemies kild thee like a man,  
I would desire never to see him more,  
But he should beare himselfe off with those wounds  
He had receiv'd from thee, from that time safe,  
And without persecution by the Law,  
For what hap is our foes, might be our owne;  
And no mans Judgement sits in Justice place,

But



*Amends for Ladies.*

But weighing other mens as his owne case.

*Broth.* He has the advantage of you being a Lord;

For should you kill him, you are sure to dye,

And by some Lawyer with a golden tongue,

That cries for right, ten angels on his side;

Your daring meete him, call'd presumption;

But kill he you, he, and his noble friends

Have such a golden shaffle for the jawes

Of man, devouring Pythagorean Law,

They'le reigne her stubborn chops e'ne to her taile:

And though she have Iron teeth to meane men,

So master her, that who displeas'd her most,

She shall lye under like a tired jade;

For small boates on rough seas are quickly lost,

But ships ride safe, and cut what by they list.

*Ing.* Follow what may, I am resolv'd deare Brother,

This monster valour, that doth feede on men,

Groanes in me for my reputation;

This charge I give thee too, if I doe dye,

Never to part from the yong Boy, which late

I entertain'd, but love him for my sake;

And for my Mistresse the Lady Honor,

Whom to deceive, I have deceiv'd my selfe.

If she be dead, pray God I may give up

My life a sacrifice on her brothers sword;

But if thou liv'st so for her gentle brother,

If I be slaine, tell her I dy'd because

I had transgress'd against her worthy love.

This sword is not well mounted, lets see thine.

*Enter Maid like a foole.*

*Maid.* Your staying Sir is in vaine, for my Lord Proudly,

Just at his taking horse to mee'te you here,

At Seldemes suite the Citizen was arrested

Upon an action of two hundred pounds;

I saw it Sir, tis true, and was to have prevented

*Ing.* Oh, scurvy Lord,

It had bin a cleaner shift than this to have had

It hindr'd by command, he being a Lord;

*Amends for Ladies.*

But I will find him.

*Enter Lord Proudly.*

*Proud.* You see valiant Sir, I have got loose *{ Pro. stabs*  
For all your stratagem, oh rogue are you there. *{ his sister.*

*Ing.* Most ignoble Lord. *{ Ingen stabs Proud.*

*Proud.* Coward thou did'st this *{ in the left arme.*

That I might be disabled for the fight,  
Or that thou mightst have some excuse to shun me,  
But 'tis my left arme, thou hast lighted on.

I have no second; here are three of you,  
If all doe murther me, your consciences  
Will more then hang you, dam you; come prepare.

*In.* Brother walk off, & take the boy away, is he hurt much?

*Bra.* Nothing, or very little. *{ Pr. thrusts the boy out.*

*Ing.* I'll bind your wound up first, your losse of blood  
May sooner make you faint.

*Pr. Ingen,* thou art a worthy Gentleman, for this curtesie;  
Go-too I'll save thy life, come on Sir: *{ I'll cut your codpiece point Sir, with this thrust, } or two.*  
And then downe goes your breeches.

*Ing.* Your Lordships merry. *{ I had like to have spoild your cut-worke band. }*

*Enter Maid like a foot-boy running,* Brother  
after him, Maid kneeles betwixt 'em.

*Maid.* Oh Master, hold your hand, my Lord hold yours,  
Or let your swords meete in this wretched breast;  
Yet you are both well, what blood you have lost  
Give it as for the injury you did, and now be friends.

*Pr.* S'hart 'tis a loving rogue.

*Ing.* Kind Boy, stand up, 'tis for thy wound he bleeds,  
My wrong is yet unsatisfied.

*Pr.* Hence away it is a sisters losse; that whets my sword.

*Mai.* Oh stay, my Lord, behold your sister here *{ discovers*  
Bleeding by your hand; servant see your mistris *{ her selfe.*  
Turn'd to thy Servant, running by thy horse;  
Whose means it was to have prevented this, but all in vain.

*Broth.* Oh noble Lady.

*Ing.* Most worthy patterne of all women kind.

*Proud. Ingen,* I am satisfied, put up your sword.

Sister,



*Amends for Ladies.*

Sister, you must with me, I have a husband  
The Lord *Fee-simple's* father, old, but rich:  
This Gentleman is no match for you; kneele not,  
That portion of yours, I have consum'd,  
Thus marrying, you shall never come to want.

*Maid.* Oh! sweet my Lord, my brother doe not force me,  
To breake my faith, or to a loathed bed.

*Ing.* Force you, he shall not, brother bears her hence,  
She is my wife, and thou shalt finde my cause  
Ten times improv'd now. *Pr.* Oh, have at you Sir.

*Ma.* Hold, hold for heavens sake, was e're wretched  
Lady put to this hazard? Sir, let me speake  
But one word with him, and i'le goe with you,  
And undergoe, what ever you command.

*Proud.* Doo't quickly, for I love no whispering;  
'Tis strange to see you Madam with a sword,  
You should have come hither in your Ladies cloathes.

*Maid.* Well, as you please my Lord, you are witness,  
Whatfoe're before  
Hath past betwixt us: thus I doe undoe  
Were not I mad, to thinke thou couldst love me,  
That would'st have slaine my Brother? *Pr.* Sai'st true sister.

*Ing.* Oh thou faire creature wilt thou be as false as other  
Ladies?

*Maid.* Thou art my example,  
Ile kisse thee once, farewell for ever: come my Lord, now  
Match me, with whom you please; a tumbler  
I must doe this, else had they fought againe.

*Pr.* Mine owne best sister, farewell Mr. *Ingen.* *Ex. Pr. & Ma.*

*Broth.* Oh ancient truth to be denied of no man,  
An Ecle by th' taile's held surer than a woman. *Exeunt.*

*Actus Quintus.*

*Enter. Subtle with Husband.*

*Subt.* See is not to be cast  
*Hus.* It cannot be: had you a wife, and I were in your  
case.

*Amends or Ladies*

*Husb.* I would be hang'd even at the chamber doore  
Where I attempted, but I'll lay her flat.

*Subt.* Why tell me truly, would it please you best,  
To have her remaine chaste, or conquered?

*Husb.* Oh friend, it would doe me good at the heart  
To have her overcome; she does so brag,  
And stand upon her chastity forsooth.

*Subt.* Why then in plaine tearmes Sir, the Fort is mine,  
Your wife has yielded, up-tailes in her song;  
The deede is done, come now, be merry man.

*Husb.* Is the deed done indeed? come, come, you jest;  
Has my wife yielded? is up-tailes her song?  
Faith come in prose, how got you to the matter first, ha?  
Pish, you are so bathfull now.

*Subt.* Why? by my troth I'll tell you, because you are my  
friend, otherwise you must note it is a great hurt to the art  
of whore-mastry to discover; besides, the skill was never  
mine o'th price.

*Husb.* Very good, on sir.

*Subt.* At the first she was horrible stiffe against me, then  
Sir I tooke her by the hand, which I kiss'd.

*Husb.* Good Sir.

*Subt.* And I call'd her pretty Rogue, and I thrust my fin-  
ger betwixt her breast and I made lips; at last, I pul'd her  
by the chin to me, and I kiss'd her.

*Husb.* Hum, very good.  
*Subt.* So at the last, she kist very strangely, close, and un-  
toward; then said I to her, thinke but upon the wrongs, the  
intollerable wrongs, the rogue your Husband does you.

*Husb.* That was very good, what said she to you then sir?

*Subt.* Nay, I went on. First quoth I, thinke how he hath  
us'd you, left you no means, given all your clothes to his  
Punkes, stricke you, turn'd your gray eyes into black ones,  
but yet----

*Husb.* A pretty conceite.

*Subt.* Quoth I, these things are nothing in the Rascall,  
thinke but what a base Whore-maister the Rascall is.

*Husb.* Did you call me Rascall so often and you lust,

*Subt.* Yes. and oftner, for said I, none comes amiss to  
the



*Amends for Ladies.*

the rogue, I have knowne him quoth I, doe three leuzie beggars under hedges in the riding of ten mile, and I swore this too.

*Husb.* 'Twas very well, but you did lye. On I pray.

*Sub.* Pish, one must lye a little: now sir by this time she began to kisse some what more openly, and familiarly, her resistance began to slacken, and my assault began to stiffen, the more her Bulwarke decend, the more my battery fortified, at last sir, a little fumbling being past to make the Conquest more difficult, she perceiving my readines mounted, fals me flat upon her back, cries me out aloud

Alas I yeeld, use me not roughly friend.

My fort, that like Troy Towne, ten yeares hath stood

Beseig'd, and shot at did remaine unwon

But now 'tis conquer'd. So the deede was done. (talc fin

*Husb.* Then came the hottest service, Forware with your

*Sub.* Nay *Cetera quis nescit, lass! requievimus ambo.*

*Provenient mediis sic mihi saepe dies.*

*Husb.* Which is as much as to say, I am a Cuckold in all Languages, but sure 'tis not so, it is impossible my wife should yeeld.

*Sub.* Hoyday, e' he now, it was impossible she should hold out, and now it is impossible she should yeeld, stay you but here & be an eare witnesse to what followes, I'll fetch your wife. I know he will not stay.

*Husb.* Good faith sir but he will. I doe suspect some knavery in this. Here will I hide my selfe, when thought as gone, If they doe ought unfitting, I will call Witnesse, and straight way sue a divorce.

*Enter Wife and Subtle*

*Subt.* I knew he would not stay. Now noble Mistress, I claime your promise.

*Wife.* What was that good servant?

*Subt.* That you would lye with me

*Wife.* If with any man,

But prethee first consider with thy selfe

If I should yeeld to thee, what a load thy Conscience

Would

*Amends for Ladies.*

Would beare about it, for I wish quick thunder  
May strike me, if I yet have lost the truth,  
Or whitenesse of the hand I gave in Church;  
And 'twill not be: thy happinesse (as thou think'st)  
That thou alone should'st make a woman fall,  
That did resist all else, but to thy soule  
A bitter Corasive, that thou didst staine,  
Vertue that else had stood immaculate:  
Nor speake I this as yeelding unto thee,  
For 'tis not in thy power, wert thou the sweet'st  
Of natures Children, and the happiest,  
To conquer me, nor in mine owne to yeeld;  
And thus it is with every pious wife.  
Thy daily rayling at my absent Husband,  
Makes me endure thee worse, for let him doe  
The most preposterous ill relishing things  
To me; they seeme good, since my Husband does 'em.  
Nor am I to revenge or governe him:  
And thus it should be with all vertuous Wives.

*Subt.* Poxe a this vertue and this chastity,  
Doe you know faire Mistresse, a young Gentleman  
About this Towne call'd *Bould*, where did he lye  
Last night, sweet Mistresse; oh, oh, are you catch'd?  
I saw him slip out of the house this morne,  
As naked as this truth; and for this cause,  
I have told your Husband that you yeelded to me,  
And he I warrant you will blaze it throughly,  
As good doe now then as be thought to doe.

*Wife.* No, 'twill not be yet, thou injurious man,  
How wilt thou right me in my husbands thoughts,  
That on a false surmise, and spight hast told,  
A tale to breed uncurable discontent?

*Bould* was that old wench that did serve the Widow,  
And thinking by this way to gaine her love,  
Mist of his purpose, and was thus cashier'd;  
Nor cares she to proclaime it to the world.

*Ju. Zoones,* I have wrong'd you Mistris, On my knees  
I aske you pardon, and will never more

*(kneales.)*  
Attempt



*Amends for Ladies.*

Attempt your purity, but neglect all things  
Till that foule wrong I have bred in your Knight  
I have expeld, and set your loves aright.

*Hus.* Which now is done already Madam, wife, *kneeler.*  
Upon my knees, with weeping eyes, heav'd hands,  
I aske thy pardon; oh sweet vertuous creature,  
I prethee breake my head.

*Wife.* Rise, rise, Sit pray:  
You have done no wrong to me, or at least I thinke so;  
Heaven hath prevented all my injury,  
I doe forgive and marry you anew:  
Come, we are all invited to the weddings,  
The Lady Honor, and the old rich Count.  
Young Bould unto another Gentlewoman,  
Weand the Widowes are invited thither;  
Embrace and love, henceforth more really,  
Not so like worldlings. *Husb.* Here then ends all strife:  
Thus false friends are made true, by a true wife. *Exeunt.*

*Actus quinti Scena prima.*

*Enter old Count wrapt in furs, the Lady Honor dress'd like  
a Bride, The Lord Proud. Wel-tri'd, Bould, leading  
Fee-simple like a Lady masqu'd, Husband, Wife Subtle  
with a Letter, Widow, to them Brother, Seldome,  
with his wife.*

*Broth.* **H** Ealth and all joy unto this faire assembly,  
My brother, who last tide is gone for Ennace,  
A branch of willow feathering his hat,  
Bad me salute you Lady, and present you  
With this same letter, written in his blood:  
He prayes no man, for his sake evermore  
To credit woman, nor no Lady ever  
To beleeve man, so either sex shall rest  
Uniniur'd by the other, this is cleard thus I have deliver'd.

*Pr.* I and well, you pronounce fairly did you never play?

*Broth.* Yes, that I have, the fowle game some Lords doe.

*Wid.* Set forward there. *Count.* Oh, oh, oh; a pox a this cold.

*Amends for Ladies.*

*Welt.* A cold a this poxe you might say, I am a fear'd

*Maid.* How full of ghastly wounds this letter shewes,  
Oh, oh.

*Pr.* Looke to my sister. *Bro.* S'hart the Lady swoones.  
*Wife.* Strong-water there.

*Fees.* If strong breath would recover her, I am for her.

*Con.* Alas good Lady, hum, hum, hum. *coughs perpetually.*

*Subr.* He has fet her againe with coughing.

*Maid.* Convey me to my bed, send for a Priest  
And a Physitian; your Bride I feare,  
Instead of *Epithalamions* shall neede  
A Dirge, or Epitaph: oh leade me in,  
My body dyes for my soules perjur'd sinne.

*Exit. Maid, Grace, Wife, Husb. Subtle.*

*Bould.* Hymen comes towards us in a mourning robe.

*Welt.* I hope friend, we shall have the better day.

*Proud.* I'll fetch the Parson and Physitian. *Ex. Lo. Pr.*

*Broth.* They are both ready for you. *Exit. Broth.*

*Welt.* Madam, this is the Gentlewoman,  
Who something bashfull does desire your pardon, that she  
Does not unmasque.

*Wid.* Good Master *Wel-tri'd*, I would not buy her face,  
and for her manners if they were worse, they shall not dis-  
please me.

*Welt.* I thanke your Ladiship.

*Fees.* Looke how the old Assie my Father stands, he looks  
like a Beare in the play, he has kil'd the Lady with his ve-  
ry sight as God helpe me; I have the most to doe to forbear  
unmasking me, that I might tell him his owne, as can be.

*Bould.* Fic, by no meanes.

The Widow comes towards you. *Count.* Oh, oh, oh, oh.

*Wid.* Servant, God give you joy; and Gentlewoman,  
Or Lady, as full joy, I wish to you;

Nor doubt that I will hinder you, your love,

But here am come to doe all courtesie

To your faire selfe, and husband that shall be.

*Fees.* I thank you heartily. *Wid.* S'hart, speak smaller man.

*Fees.* I thank you heartily.

*Count.*



*Amends for Ladies.*

*Count.* You're going to this geere to Mr. *Bould*, um, um, um.

*Bould.* Not to your couching geere my Lord, though I be not so old, or rich as your Lordship, yet I love a yong wench as well.

*Welt.* As well as my Lord, nay by my faith, that you doe not; love a yong wench as well as he; I wonder you will be unmannerly to say so.

*Count.* Faith Master *Wel-tri'd*, troth is I love them well, but they love not me, um, um, um, you see, what ill luck, I have with them, ump, ump, ump; a pox a this cold still say I.

*Welt.* Where got you this cold my Lord? it can get in no where that I can see, but at your nostrils, or cics, all the other parts are so barricado'd with furre.

*Feesi.* It got in at his cics, and made that birdlime there where *Cupids* wings doe hang intangled.

*Count.* Is this your wife, that (um, um, um,) shall be? Ma. *Bould*, i'le be so bould as kisse her. (*Wid. Bould* whisper aside.)

*Count.* *sits in a Chaire and falls asleep.*

*Feesi.* Sir, forbear, I have one bould enough to kisse my lips, oh old coxcombe, kisse thine owne naturall sonne, 'tis worse than a Justices lying with his own daughter; but Mr. *Wel-tri'd*, when will the Widow breake this matter to me?

*Welt.* Not till the very close of all, she dissembles as yet, because my Lord your Father is here, and her other suitor *Bould*.

*Feesi.* That's all one, he's o'th plot a my side.

*Wid.* 'Tis needlesse Master *Bould*, but I will doe Any thing you require to satisfie you; Why should you doubt I will forbid the banes, For so your friend, here told me? I should rather doubt that you will not marry.

*Bo.* Madam by heaven, as fully I am resolv'd to marry now And will too; if you doe not hinder it, As ever lover was, onely because The world has taken notice of some passage 'Twixt you and me; and then to satisfie My sweet heart here, who poore soule is a feard, To have some publicke disgrace put upon her,

*Amends for Ladies.*

I doe require some small things at your hands.

*Wid.* Well, I will doe it, and this professe besides,  
Married, you shall as welcome be to me  
As mine owne brother; and your selfe faire Lady,  
Even as my selfe, both to my boord and bed.

*Wid.* Ah, ah, how like you that?

*Fees.* Now she begins, abundant thanks unto your widow-hood.

Zoones my Fathers asleepe on's wedding day,  
I wonder'd where his cough was all this while.

*Enter Ingen like a Doctor.* A Parson, Brother, Proudly,  
Seldome, Mrs. Seld. Husband, Wife,  
and Subtle.

*Ingen.* I pray forbear the chamber, noise does hurt her.  
Her sicknesse I ghesse rather of the mind  
Than of her body, for her pulse beates well;  
Her vitall functions not decay'd a whit,  
But have their naturall life and opperation.

My Lord, be cheer'd, I have an ingredient about me,  
Shall make her well I doubt not.  
In Master Parson, it shall be yours I pray,  
The foules Physitian should have still the way.

*(Exit Ingen, Parson shuts the doore.)*

*Wid.* How cheeres she pray? *Wife.* In troth exceeding ill.

*Ms. Seld.* A very weake woman indeed she is, and surely  
I thinke cannot scape it.

*Husb.* Did you marke how she ey'd the Physitian?

*Wife.* Oh God I, she is very loath to dye.

*Ms. Seld.* I that's ne're the better signe, I can tell you.

*Subt.* And when the Parson came to her, she turn'd away,  
And still let the Physitian hold her by the hand.

*Bould.* But see what thought the Bride-groome takes,  
my conscience knowes now, this is a most preposterous  
match, yet for the commodity, we winke at all inconveni-  
ency. My Lord, my Lord.

*Count.* Ump, ump, ump; I bestrow you for waking of me,  
now shall I have such a fit of coughing, hum, hum---

*Bould.* Oh haplesse wife, that shall have thee, that either  
must



*Amends or Ladies.*

must let thee sleepe continually, or be kept waking her selfe by the cough.

*Wid.* You have a proper Gentleman to your sonne, my Lord, he were fitter for this yong Lady than you.

*Wels.* D'ee marke that againe?

*Feef.* Oh sweet widow.

*Count.* He a wife, he a fooles head of his owne.

*Feef.* No, of my Fathers.

*Count.* What should he doe with a ump, ump?

*Wife.* What with a cough? why he would spit: and that's more than you can doe.

*Proud.* Your bride my Lord is dead.

*Count.* Marry, e'ne God be with her, grieve will not helpe it: ump, ump, ump.

*Broth.* A most excellent spouse.

*Pr.* How fares she Mr. Doctor. Z'oons, what's here { *looks in*  
*Bould, widow, Wel-tri'd, Fee-simple, hoy-day.* { *at the*  
*Husband, Wife, Seldome, Ms. Seld. Subtle: how now* { *window*

*Feef.* Looke, looke, the Parson joynes the Doctors hand & hers; now the Do. kisses her by this light. (*omnes whoop.*)

*Feef.* Now goes his gowne off, hoy-day, he has red breeches on: Zooncs, the Physitian is got { *Pistols*  
o'th top of her, be like it is the mother she has; { *for Bro.*  
harke the bed creakes.

*Pr.* S'hart, the doores fast, break'em open we are betrai'd.

*Bro* No breaking open doores, he that stirs first { *draws &*  
I'll pop a leaden pill into his guts. { *holds out*  
Shall purge him quite away, no hast good friends { *a Pistoll.*  
When they have done (what's fit) you shall not neede  
To breake the doore, they'll open it themselves.

*A curtaine drawne, a bed discover'd, Ingen with his sword*  
*in his hand, and a Pistoll, the Lady in a pett-*  
*coate, the Parson.*

*Pr.* Thy bloud base villaine shall answer this { *the Bro. set*  
I'll dye thy nuptiall bed in thy hearts gore. { *back to back*

*Ing.* Come, come, my Lord, 'tis not so easily done,  
You know it is not. For this my attempt  
Upon your sister, before God and man.

*Amends or Ladies*

She was my wife, and ne're a bed-rid gowt  
Shall have my wench, to get diseases on.

*Pr.* Well mai'ft thou tearme her so that has consented,  
Even wi th her will to be dishonour'd.

*Ing.* Not so, yet have I lyen with her.

*Ma.* But first (witnesse this Priest) we both were married.

*Priest.* True it is Domine;  
Their contract's run into a marriage,  
And that my Lord into a carriage.

*Pr.* I will undoe thee Priest.

*Priest.* 'Tis too late,  
I'me undone already; wine and Tobacco, I defie thee  
Thou temporall Lord, *perdy* thou never shalt  
Keepe me in jayle, and hence springs my reason,  
My act is neither Felony nor Treason.

*Fees.* I sir, but you do not know, what kindred she may have.

*Omnes.* Come, come, there is no remedy.

*Wife.* And weigh't right in my opinion my honour'd Lord,  
And every bodies else, this is a match,  
Fitter ten thousand times, than your intent.

*Omnes.* Most certaine 'tis.

*Wid.* Besides, this Gentleman your brother in law well  
parted, and faire mean'd; and all this come about (you must  
conceive) by your owne sisters wit as well as his.

*Ing.* Come, come, 'tis but getting of me knighted my  
Lord, and I shall become your Brother well enough.

*Pr.* Brother your hand, Lords may have projects still,  
But there's a greater Lord, will have his will.

*Bo.* This is dispatch. Now Madam is the time,  
For I long to be at it; your hand sweet heart.

*Fees.* Now, boyes.

*Wid.* My Lord, and Gentlemen, I crave your witnesse  
To what I now shall utter. 'Twixt this Gentleman  
There has beene some love passages and my selfe,  
Which here I free him, and take this Lady.

*Wife.* Law yee, and take this Lady.

*Wid.* Which with a mothers love, I give to him,  
And wish all joy may crowne their marriage.

*Bould.*



*Amends for Ladies.*

*Bould.* Nay Madam, yet she is not satisfied,

*Bould gives her a ring, and she puts it on her thumb,*

*Wid.* Further, before yee all I take this Ring

As an assumpt, by the vertue of which

I bind my selfe in all my Lands and goods,

That in his choise, i'le be no hinderance:

Or by forbidding banes, or claiming him

My selfe for mine; but let the match goe on

Without my check, which he intendeth now:

And once againe I say, I bind my selfe.

*Bo.* Then once againe, I say, widow thou'rt mine:

Priest marry us; this match I did intend,

Yee are all witnesses; if thou hinder it,

Widow your Lands and goods are forfeit mine.

*Wid.* Ha, nay take me too, since there's no remedy,

Your Widow (without goods) fells scurvily.

*Omnes.* Whoop, God give you joy.

*Count.* S'light, I am cozen'd of all sides, I had good hope  
of the Widow my selfe, but now I see every body leaves  
me saving nm, um, um.

*Bo.* Troth my Lord, & that will stick by you I warrant.

*Wid.* But how Sir, shall we salve this Gentlewoman?

*Bo.* Hang her whoore. *Walt.* Fie, you are too uncivill.

*Feeff.* Whoore in thy face, I doe desie thy taunts.

*Bo.* Nay hold faire Lady, now I thinke upon't;

The old *Count* has no wife: lets make a match.

*Omnes.* If he be so contented. *Count.* With all my heart.

*Bo.* Then kisse your Spouse.

*Count.* S'foot she has a beard: how now, my sonne?

*Omnes.* 'Tis the Lord *Fee-simple*. (*Feeff.* unmasks.)

*Feeff.* Father, lend me your sword, you and I are made a  
couple of fine fooles, are we not? if I were not valiant now,  
and meant to beate 'em all, here would lye a simple dif-  
grace upon us, a *Fee-simple* one indeed, marke now what'le  
say to 'em, d'ce heare my Masters. Dam-me, yee are all the  
sonne of a whoore, and yee lye, and I will make it good  
with my sword: this is cald Roaring Father.

*Subr.* I'le not meddle with you Sir,

*Amends for Ladies.*

*Pr.* You are my blond.

*Wels.* And I flisht you, you know.

*Bo.* And I have a charge comning, I must not fight now.

*Fees.* Has either of you any thing to say to me?

*Husb.* Not we sir.

*Fees.* Then have I something to say to you. Have you Any thing to say to me?

*Broth.* Yes marry have I Sir,

*Fees.* Then I have nothing to say to you, for that's the fashion, Father if you wil come away with your cough, do Let me see how many challenges must I get writ: You shall here on me beleeeve it.

*Proud.* Nay, wee'le not now part angry, stay the Feasts That must attend the weddings; you shall stay.

*Fees.* Why, then all friends: I thought you would not have had the manners to bid us stay dinner neither.

*Husb.* Then all are friends; and Lady, wife, I Crowne Thy vertues with this wreath, that 't may be said, There's a good wife.

*Bo.* A Widow. *Ing.* And a Maid.

*Wife.* Yet mine is now approv'd the happiest life, Since each of you hath chang'd to be a wife.

FINIS





